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ESSE STOVES

The Bystander, September 20, 1933 No. 1553. Vol. CXIX.

The BYSTANDER

ESTHER RALSTON

A portrait of Esther Ralston, the lovely American film-star, by Gerald Haley, which is being shown in the London Salon of Photography's 1933 Exhibition. *Further pictures from the London Salon will be found on pages 518-9*

• WHAT'S • ADO • ABOUT • TOWN

"The Bystander's" Potted Social Diary of the Week

Colonel and Mrs. Bertram Abel Smith and their shooting party at Craig Lodge, Glen Prosen; besides the host, who is A.D.C. to the King, and hostess, the group includes Miss Joscelyn Abel Smith, Mr. Anthony Abel Smith, Lord Cranworth, Mr. Desmond Pender, Captain and Mrs. "Boy" Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Fergusson, Mrs. King, Miss Sheriffe and Lt.-Col. Medlicott

THE "Silly" Season has begun; this is the season in between the "Big" Season and the "Little" Season. The latter does not begin until the Court returns from Balmoral; succession of distinguished clerics have, as usual, been staying with the Royal Family there. Princess Elizabeth well to the fore at the Braemar Gathering; Highland Flings, games, tossing the cabers, putting 16-lb. hammers are mere nothings to the brawny Scotsmen. Kilted revelry in the evenings already responsible for many engagements.

The Marchioness of Cambridge talking to Mr. Pat Waddington at the first night of "Ball at the Savoy," at Drury Lane

Returns

The **seaside season** is fast fading away, both at home and abroad. The Prince of Wales has returned from Biarritz, the Simpson sisters have left Frinton; "Les Girls," as the Ziegfeld Folly girls at Monte Carlo were termed, have gone to Paris. Lady (Elephant and) Castlerosse—as naughty Leslie Henson calls the portly Viscount—has deserted Cannes and the hospitality of Maxime Elliott.

Did Mr. Willes, fair-haired young man frequently announced to be engaged to Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell, make many tactless remarks during his stay there? Mrs. Gordon Leith and the Duke of Sutherland have also returned. Sir Paul and Lady Patricia Latham have been entertaining in Scotland, Mr. Peter Coats as one of their guests.

Miss Mala Brand has returned from Oslo, having played in the Ladies' Golf Championship and been defeated in the semi-final, due to the local secretary not being too clever about the workings of L.G.U. handicaps.

Mrs. Gerard D'Erlanger has returned from the Villa Syrie Maugham at Le Touquet; has taken up the study of historical novels. Understand Mayfair now prefers these to reading about itself; feel sure this is a lie. Barbara Cartland, please contradict.

Sports on the Wane

Captain D'Arcy Rutherford has returned from Aix-les-Bains, and has resigned his position of directeur des sports.

The **yachting season** is definitely over; all the best boats are now "on the mud"—e.g., Sir Harold Bowden's Maid Marion; Captain Buckmaster's Miriel. Finish of the season at Burnham-on-Crouch nearly finished off many yachtsmen. Cut lips, black eyes were the results of friendly arguments in the evenings.

Cricket is over, except for a goose match to be played at Harrow School; there was evidently a rare duck's match at Eastbourne, when seven M.C.C. batsmen made blobs, under the leadership of H. D. Swan ("Swannie," of Channel Islands tour fame): he also contributed his zero to the score.

Tunny-fishing is on the wane; the giant fish are following the Gulf Stream (true anglers will appreciate this); also, that useful camping-ground for tunny anglers, Lord Moyne's yacht, has sunk. Understand that Miss Monica Sheriffe had landed in Galway harbour just before the accident.

Trout-fishing is also just ending; however, fine sport is being obtained with bream and eels at Ten-Foot Drain, by Wisbech.

Triangle

In the matter of engagements, Captain Michael Lafone has been struck a blow like the kick of a Kenya kongoni—Miss Nancy Meyrick will marry Mr. Teddy St. Aubyn instead of him. Lapping up his lemonade at the Bobbin, the Captain confided to me: "She was wearing a ring—and it wasn't the one *I* gave her!"

Music

In the musical world, **Streatham** is enjoying its Wagner, with the Metropolitan Opera Company; Sir Henry Wood, too, at the Queen's Hall encourages the Walkyries to ride their phantom steeds; frail young men

Mrs. Mike Wardell, Sir Kenneth Crossley's second daughter, and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton, have been playing September golf at North Berwick

Prince George with Lady Irwin on the beach near Filey, where he went every day to bathe while staying with the Irwins at Garrowby

Another North Berwick photograph, of Mr. Cyril Tolley and the Countess of Brecknock crossing the bridge over the Eel Burn

who attend the " Proms " gaze in awe at fierce maidens during playing of this piece. Sadler's Wells and Old Vic give us opera this week.

Saw *Faust* in Paris—dreariest performance ever possible ; ballet in Walpurgis Night scene about as cheerful as a charity ball.

Racing

Most of the best people attended **Doncaster.** Lord Harewood, of course, was well to the fore, both through his connections with Royalty and being a Steward of the course. *Everybody* backed Hyperion, Yorkshire roar (with a good lot of Aldgate) greeting the winner told us that. Dresses I noticed : Lady Buchanan-Jardine in an oatmeal-coloured tweed coat ; Mrs. Henry Tufton with a navy Baku straw hat ; Lady Joan Philipps in powder-blue wool romaine.

For the **Sales,** Captain Boyd-Rochfort, Lord Carnarvon, and Major " Vandy " Beatty all were correctly dressed ; the first-named wore a light Trilby in the morning, and for the races had a gent's best " coke " hat.

First Nights

In the theatre Leslie Henson at the **Strand** has collected together as good a lot of laughs as possible. As a French waiter at a Pourville-like resort, he says : " The couple in 60 are not married ; when he said ' Darling, isn't it a beautiful view ? ' she replied, ' Yes, Sir.' " Those who laughed at this were myself, Douglas Fairbanks, Lady Ashley, Benita Hume, and Jack Dunfee (*please* when 's the wedding ?). Jeanne Stuart, now Mrs. Bernard Docker, looked decoratively dignified. Studying the programme, I learnt a fine piece of Society news : it was an announcement from Muriel Barnby, stating that she was in Rome and could hardly believe it.

Very different fare at **Wyndham's,** where the king of dramatists, Somerset Maugham, has given out as his theme : " Sell all thou hast—and give it to the poor." They found the poor fellow (in the play, not Maugham) was mad.

Lisa Maugham and " Dot " Hyson gave each other encouraging waves from the former's box to the latter's stall. At a party given afterwards for the author were such as H. G. Wells, G. B. Stern, Diana Wynyard, John Van Druten. They chewed rissoles. Maugham congratulated Arthur Eliot on the success of Punch's ; suggest many of its members might read his books, and profit.

Other Night Life

Poulsen is looking pleased at his new pink walls in the Café de Paris—even more pleased when dancing is impossible owing to crowds waiting to hear Douglas Byng. And he has some smart little ditties about the Mayfairers, especially the one about the Society wedding ; style very reminiscent of well-known woman journalist.

Jack Harris safely returned from successes at Monte Carlo—with his violin, not " les girls." Certain Peers, being unable to play the violin, concentrated for their success upon the latter.

MR. PEEPS.

Young Scotland

Miss Alison Campbell and Mr. Angus Malcolm of Poltalloch at the Argyllshire Gathering at Oban

• PERSONALITIES

By "Peter Pepper"

The Countess Howe

She writes sincere individual letters in an untidily picturesque hand, signed "Mary"

• **THE COUNTESS OF HOWE** has been chosen by Lady Oxford and Asquith as one of the most beautiful women she has ever seen. She is divinely tall, golden-haired, with a dazzlingly white skin. Although she has a grown-up son and daughter, she is still the most strikingly beautiful woman in any assembly. She has a sweet, kind, nature, and is always ready to help anyone she can, especially young people in love. She writes sincere individual letters in an untidily picturesque hand, signed "Mary." Although she has been given more praise and admiration than any other woman of this century, she is completely unaffected, and has no mannerisms. Although she is not exceptionally clever herself, she is a good listener, and her admirers are nearly always clever and intelligent, with a purpose in life. She has a husband who is a racing ace, a love of opera, lovely eyes, and a house in Curzon Street.

• **THE MARQUIS DE PORTAGO,** who has been captaining the "Pirates," at Biarritz, is Spain's crack polo-player. He is also that country's best-looking representative. A first-cousin of King Alfonso, he frequently entertains him over here with the aid of his clever and charming wife, who is of Irish origin. The Marquis is very tall, very dark, and so extraordinarily handsome that he is almost embarrassingly admired wherever he travels. He is called Toni, and looks magnificent on a horse. He is a person of quick decision and intense likes and dislikes. He is devoted to his children, and is very patriotic. He married Olga Mackay, the widow of an American millionaire. He has delightfully good manners, great personal charm, an amusing life, and some much-envied polo ponies.

Lady Lavery

Her favourite portrait depicts her as Emma Hamilton

• **LADY LAVERY,** who has returned to London from a cruise in the Mediterranean, has had more pictures painted of her than any other beauty of to-day. She has red hair, a white skin, and invariably wears a single mauve orchid, which rumour attributes to an unknown admirer of many years' standing. She moves as if to unheard music, seldom laughs, and her favourite portrait depicts her as Emma Hamilton, whose pictures she resembles. She has graced the Irish postage stamps, and her Christian name is Hazel. She speaks quietly, but one listens. She is devoted to her husband, and has been a constant guide and inspiration to his art. They were married in 1910. She has an artistic sense of dress, a love of the theatre, a number of admiring friends, and an adoring husband.

• **FRANCES DOBLE,** who is taking the lead in Lady Eleanor Smith's play, *Ballerina*, is a very beautiful actress. She and her sister, Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, are lovely Canadians who have caused a great sensation in London. Frances Doble has just divorced her husband, Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg. She is dark-haired, black-eyed, white-skinned, and possesses a perfect figure, the thinness of which is the envy of every female theatre-goer. She is intelligent, and very attractive to talk to; she is also ambitious and a hard worker. She eats very little, sometimes only one meal a day. She has lovely clothes, violet being one of her favourite colours for the evening. She has a son, aged three years, many admiring friends of both sexes, a fascinating smile, and a public.

The Marquis de Portago

A first-cousin of King Alfonso, he frequently entertains him over here

Frances Doble

Possesses a perfect figure, which is the envy of every female theatre-goer

The Theatre in Full Swing

First-Night Visitors to Drury Lane, the Strand, and Wyndham's

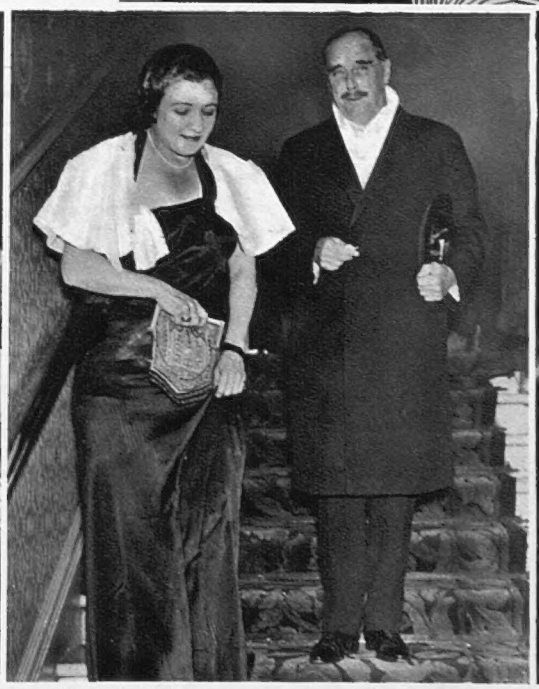
Left: Miss Dorothy Dickson and Miss Auriol Lee, the well-known producer, arriving at the Strand Theatre

Above: Miss Helen Gilliland at Drury Lane Theatre on the first night of "Ball at the Savoy"

Above: Miss Cicely Courtneidge and Mr. Jack Melford, who saw "Nice Goings On," at the Strand Theatre

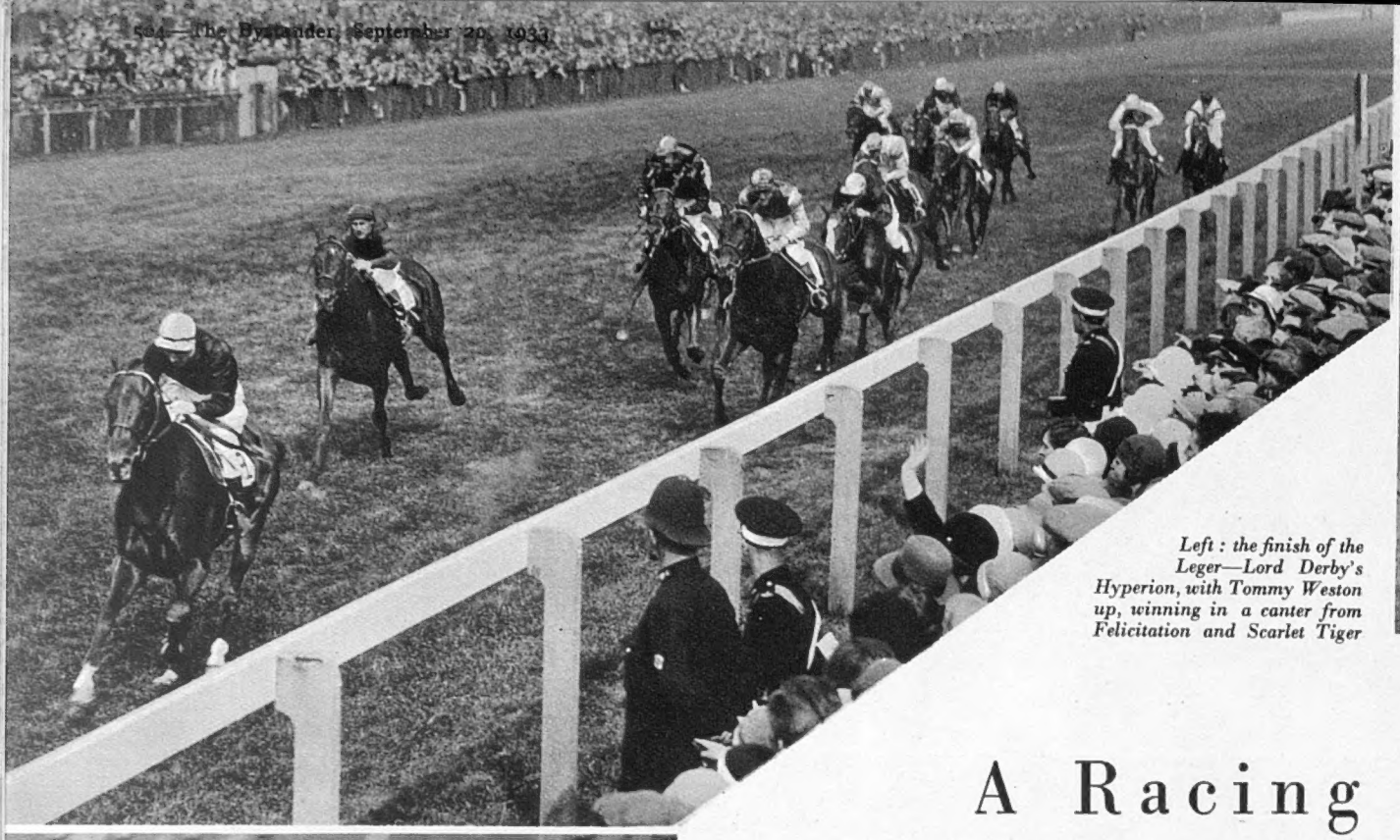
Left: Mr. Jack Dunfee, the racing motorist, arriving with his fiancée, Miss Benita Hume, at Wyndham's Theatre

Mr. A. P. Herbert and Mrs. Herbert at the first night of Somerset Maugham's "Sheppey," at Wyndham's Theatre



Mr. H. G. Wells, who is not a confirmed first-nighter, was also at Wyndham's Theatre with a friend to see the Maugham play

Further representatives of Letters and the Arts at Wyndham's Theatre: Miss G. B. Stern, Miss Diana Wynyard, and Mr. Rupert Hart



Left : the finish of the Leger—Lord Derby's Hyperion, with Tommy Weston up, winning in a canter from Felicitation and Scarlet Tiger

Left, below : Lord Willoughby de Broke at the Doncaster Sales, with Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham-Jardine

A Racing Reverie

The Credit Side of the Leger

By "Regular"

THE voice of the loud-speaker was very much in evidence at Doncaster, and although it was very thoughtful of the Race Committee to lend us Sam Long, in case we had forgotten our race-glasses, I cannot help feeling that his voice should have been confined to that section of the crowd who have never seen a race, and never will see a race, and would very much like to be told what 's going on.

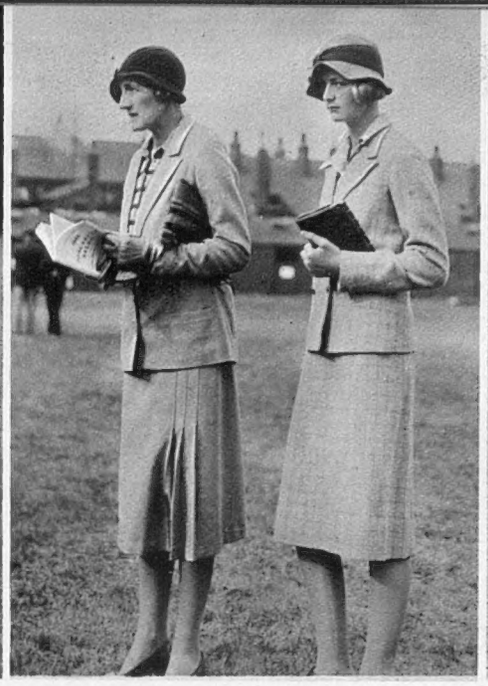
THE loud-speaker in the Sale Paddocks, fixed on the auctioneer's rostrum is, however, a real blessing, and now it doesn't matter one little bit that the auctioneer talks as if he 'd broken his plate on a piece of Parkinson's Royal, as, by the aid of modern science, "Any bid of a thousand guineas ?" is wafted over the crowd like the notes of a bell.

ON the Monday of Leger week this home of butterscotch turns itself into one colossal lodging-house. Where the natives betake themselves to has ever been a mystery to me. One hears vague scuffles and muffled groans from subterranean portions of the house, denoting that, although in acute discomfort, life is by no means extinct amongst the denizens of this popular town. Well-cooked meals arrive at regular intervals, served by the youngest unmarried daughter, dressed up to look like a maid; but any enquiries as to where she spent the night are regarded as a gross piece of impertinence.

Left : the Hon. Mrs. Beatty, Lord Southampton's daughter, talking to the Ali Khan at the Doncaster Sales, on the first day of the meeting

As you doubtless know, there is another boom in bloodstock, and the breeders are in high fettle. Almost the first person I saw on the course was Sir Richard Sykes, who, of course, owns Sledmere. His lots did not come up till the Thursday, but he was looking extremely cheerful as well he might, with every prospect of a great sale before him.

I LIKE the idea of Sir Richard making a lot of money, for I feel sure he would know exactly what to do with it. With him were Mr. Toby Milbanke and Mr. Sidney Beer. Mr. Milbanke has only lately returned from the Argentine, and has that far-away look men get after a long connection with the beauties of the South. Mr. Beer was paying one of his fleeting visits to a racecourse. Salzburg is now his spiritual home, and he must have been delighted when a "fellow-fan," in Lord Howard de Walden, won the Champagne Stakes, with Blazonry.



Above, on the left, are Lady Rosebery and Major Stapleton-Bretherton at Doncaster on St. Leger day and above, right, are the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton, whose husband trained Hyperion, and her younger daughter, Miss Sybil Lambton

Above: the Hon. Gerald Wellesley, Earl Cowley's brother, and the Hon. Mrs. Wellesley at the Sales

Top, right: Lady Daresbury, Miss Shiffner, and Colonel Griffiths listening to the auctioneer's new loud-speaker voice

Right: the Earl of Carnarvon, Mrs. William Murray, the Countess of Carnarvon, and Mr. William Murray, all catalogue in hand

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN is a man of very strong likes and dislikes. His pet aversion is—! but that 's got nothing to do with Doncaster, and Uncle Regular has no business to go prattling on with his mischievous nonsense. His Lordship was not present, but his racing manager, the popular Bobby Oppenheim, was very much in evidence, while his able trainer, Dawson Waugh, was overwhelmed with congratulations, and appeared more pleased even than usual, which is saying a lot.

IF Alderman Morris, of Doncaster, had made the handicap himself, he couldn't have let his mare Beresdale in any lighter, and in the hands of Gordon, the good thing duly obliged. After the race there was the customary display of good-fellowship round the sale ring.

I ALWAYS think that the spectacle of these gentlemen encouraging one another to bid for their horses one of the most delightful features of modern racing. The way Wootton's face lights up when someone bids four hundred for Verveille filly is worth going a long way to see, while the friendly rivalry of those lifelong friends, Beatty and Bennett, is only one further instance of the bond which exists between all lovers of a good plater. I only wish Fred Darling and Atty Persse had more platers.

PERHAPS, however, the best example of the way in which selling platers form friendships is that of Briscoe and Sam Armstrong. Armstrong's disappointment was plain to see when his mare Beresdale did not fall to Briscoe's bid. Beresdale, by the way, was recently married to Forerunner, and rumour has it that a little one is expected. Anyhow, Mr. Bobby Watson, who bought her, will be very disappointed if there isn't.

. . . IT is all over; I am back at Barnby Moor. Hyperion has won—and how ! It has all been indescribably thrilling, and we must take off our hats to a very great little horse, very likely the greatest horse we have seen since the war.

WE are all packed into the unsaddling enclosure, whether we 've any right there or not. I find myself next to Noel Coward, and I wonder what would happen if I were discovered in the wings, at the Curtain of one of his first nights.

WE all cheer like mad when Hyperion and Tommy Weston are led in, and Lord Derby, with an even bigger smile than he wore at Epsom, comes and pats Tommy with one hand and Hyperion with the other. Lady Derby shakes hands with the Head Lad, and " the boy who does him," and we all cheer louder than ever.

THEN Mrs. Lambton joins the throng, accompanied by a brace of children (Teddy and another), and they *all* shake hands. Last, but not least, George Lambton, leaning heavily on a stick, comes into the ring, and although I try hard to control it, I can't get the better of that lump in my throat.

I AM quite prepared to be called a sentimental idiot, but I freely confess that I found the unsaddling of Hyperion a really moving ceremony. A great horse, owned by a great sportsman and trained by a man who, in the evening, of his life, has no peer in the training of a racehorse.

GEORGE LAMBTON is the most knowledgable man with horses I have ever known. He is not only a great trainer, but before most of us even saw the light, he was the greatest amateur rider of his time. Furthermore, he is endowed with a power of description given to few men, and for which I, for one, will ever be eternally grateful, for whatever small knowledge of racing I may possess, I am indebted for at least fifty per cent. of it to the eloquent pen of George Lambton.

Right: the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Greenall and Mr. Harry Cottrill (centre) were three more of the temporary population of Doncaster who spent their mornings making bids or listening to other people making them

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Goings On—To Music

"*Ball at the Savoy*"

THE Cosmopolitan Carnival which Sir Alfred Butt, Oscar Hammerstein and collaborators have unleashed at Drury Lane offers a grand chance for some insular kill-joy to say his sardonic piece about the National Theatre.

Well, I 'm not one of those high-hats who wince painfully at the statue of Edmund Kean in the vestibule, just because the occasion is another *Rose Marie*, and not *Hamlet* (state-supported). After all, there 's no sense in mixing up Shakespeare with the shareholders.

Nor am I for nailing my flag to a tariff wall and saying that all leading-ladies, composers and dance-producers must be British, or that Hungarian comedians and soubrettes should be impounded by the Customs at the port of entry. It did strike me as odd, however, that the quickest songs with the most words should be twisting the tongues of Oskar Denes and Rosy Barsony, but I waved logic and patriotic doubts aside, with the reflection that in all probability the words didn't matter a whole lot, anyway.

Moreover, although I couldn't quite fall for Miss Barsony, who worked her oval face, flaxen curls and nimble legs very soubrettishly, Oskar Denes is one of those explosive live-sparks that set you alight. In this gargantuan feast, where waltz refrains are crooned in honeymoon gondolas, boomed out in carnival ball-rooms with moving staircases, and reprised in miniature bed-rooms that ascend and descend like twin lifts, personal magnetism is a tolerable substitute for funny lines.

Ball at the Savoy (Nice), according to the calibre of its kind, is Big Stuff. Way back of the marble terraces and the gilt salons there is a story of a jealous wife who went a-revelling to spy on an innocent husband in adjoining supper-rooms (and all that). Forget it ; keep your eye on the moving feast of scenery, and that other moving feast, the Chorus, fetchingly dressed and slickly drilled. Can Natalie Hall, the American heroine, sing or can she not ? Has there ever been a nicer, easier jeune premier than Maurice Evans, actor ? Why can't all jeunes premiers be actors ?

The grand staircase is advancing on the orchestra. The theme song swells out from (Paul) Abraham's melodious bosom. The wife, in daring décolletée, is telling the woild that she has betrayed her husband. . . . Big Stuff.

Celebrating their engagement at the Savoy—Mustapha Bey, a terrible Turk (Oskar Denes), and Kathi Mikhozy, a composer (Rosy Barsony)

"*Nice Goings On,*" *at the Strand*

FIRST the Civil Servant (but not too civil) bearing late to his desk the scars of overnight whoopee ; answering a colleague's "Top of the morning to you " with the hoarse and coarse rejoinder : " And the bottom of the bird-cage to *you* " ; wearing an immemorial frock-coat and carrying a belated balloon.

Next the bogus waiter, falsely moustachioed, conducting a Purity (and blackmail) campaign at the local Lido ; then the same waiter arrayed as coverer of the water-front, guardian of bathing-box morals and " a son of a beach " ; then the Government official again, promoted at last, by rapid steps, from Deputy Controller and Controller to Minister of Public Welfare.

Translate this appointment from Scandinavia (or thereabouts) to London, and Leslie Henson, according to my vote and yours, when you 've laughed yourself into knots at the Strand, has the office for life. Without this brilliant buffoon all these *Nice Goings On* would be neither particularly nice nor going on.

Admittedly we get such trimmings as a hundred per cent. American soubrette (Zelma O'Neal) ; the one and only Robertson Hare in shorts, spectacles, song and, believe it or not, dance ; Sydney Fairbrother as a reforming Miss Grundy ; a brown-legged chorus tuned up to the noisiest limits of hotcha ; two acrobatic and three step dancers (male) ; a tuney, negroid score by Arthur Schwartz ; some cute lines in Messrs. Eyton's lyrics, and a book by Douglas Furber which has high-spots—trust Henscuttle, or Henson, for that—as well as hiatuses (the third Act is a bit scrappy). But from the first gag to the last, bless him, the power and the glory are our Leslie's. " I should make a good Finn," he says wanly, threatening resignation. That is too modest. I have always regarded him as the whole goldfish.—TRINCULO.

Below, left : interruption at the Ball at the Savoy. The mysterious cocotte reveals herself as the Marquise de Faublas (Natalie Hall), much to the chagrin of the Marquis (Maurice Evans), who has been amusing himself with Nina (Joan Marian). Right : Celestin Fromant (Barry Mackay) longs for adventure, but the rôle of seducer is too much for his sense of romance

Sketches of "Ball at the Savoy," at Drury Lane—by Rouson

DUNLOP
AS BRITISH AS THE FLAG
SUPREME

Delirious Dialogues: No. 26. Mr. Stanley Baldwin and Greta Garbo

Depicted by Bovey

Baldwin: *Thank you, Miss Garbo, I* am *better. I always find Aix gets rid of my pains.*

Garbo: *I should never need a holiday if I lived your life. So peaceful.*

Baldwin: *Peaceful! Politics! Have you ever heard of Lord Beaverbrook?*

Garbo: *No. Is he a film dir-r-ector?*

Baldwin: *No, he thinks he's a country director.*

Garbo: *Ah, these dir-r-ectors! They burden my life too!*

Baldwin: *He thinks we agreed to pay too much to America.*

Garbo: *No one can say that since I left Sweden, Amer-r-ica has paid too much to me.*

Baldwin: *Would it be indiscreet to ask how much you make a year?*

Garbo: *250,000 dollars, mor-r-e or less*

Baldwin: *Mine is distinctly less. You earn about ten times my salary even before it was cut.*

Garbo: *Why not? You only help to govern a small island, while I am a gr-r-eat film-star!*

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

Maurice FitzGerald
Champion in Dr. Nestlé's country

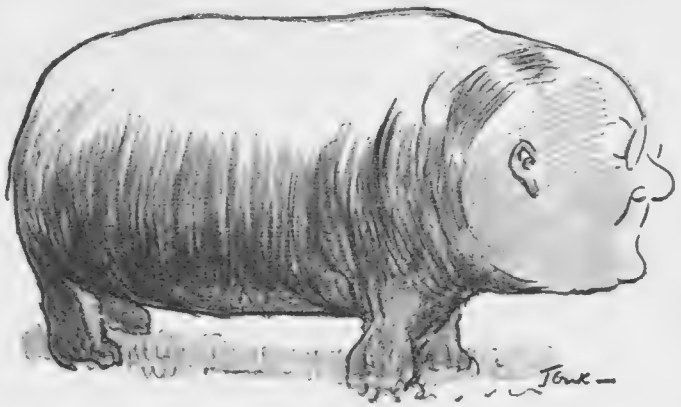
"JONK" returned from his holiday in the wild West, reporting Cornwall pleasantly primitive, democratic and free from press photographers, and giving full marks to the Atlantic for surf-riding possibilities. "Junk" enjoyed his anonymous holiday, too, and regrets being unable to tell the world more about it. However, there's plenty to say about other people; stragglers are rapidly returning, although a lot of the "big stuff" of the House is still away while this page is under construction.

MAURICE FITZGERALD has been at Axenstein, all among Dr. Nestlé's goats. He took a prize out there; but at golf, and not in the Nestlé class. There were ten other entrants in the competition, all of whom, with truly Continental nonchalance, seemed to think that air-shots didn't count, and that balls could be replaced on the tee any number of times without penalty. In spite of the severe handicap of his Anglo-Saxon golf-morals, Mr. FitzGerald was acclaimed local champion, and the prize was presented to him to the accompaniment of much clinking of champagne glasses.

AND now about these fishermen, who always come back with the best holiday tales, owing to years of practice in story-telling. Lex Wilson pointed out to us that he went tunny-fishing too; we left him out last time we talked of the North Sea adventurers. He landed two fish of 610 and 540 lb. each, among others, so we do apologise for having left him out. He was fishing from Tommy Sopwith's boat, in the world tunny-fishing record-breaking party. Cyril Frisby also contributed to their colossal bag (they got nine fish, totalling 5031 lb. in two days) by landing a 610-lb. fish.

FRANK HOLT, who has been shooting as well as fishing, and who has some lurid tales to tell of rows of people gazing after wounded birds, also has a rod-and-line anecdote. After a long, blank spell on the river, he hooked a ¾-lb. fish of sorts. He had no net to land it with, and had to haul it right in. Having got it on the bank, he couldn't get the hook out, so had to walk home with the fish dangling from the end of his rod. P. K. Stephenson has been trout-fishing in a river which he took near Aix-les-Bains, and allows that, even for an expert like himself, it is most satisfactory to land a 14-lb. rainbow trout.

FEW people but have, in their day, sent post-cards bearing some sort of an inscription like "My bedroom marked with a X." "Hippo," otherwise Albert Richards, had a fortnight's holiday in his native Clapham, but, not to be done out of all the pleasures of a traveller, he sent off a photograph of The Plough, as the local hostelry is called, with the four-ale bar marked with a cross, and "My bedroom" written across it. He is, incidentally, known as "Hippo" because he looks like one, with his sleepy eyes and small ears. Another member who took his holiday at home was Jock Leith, who spent most of it in a nursing home, having his appendix out.



Albert Richards
"Hippo"

HUBERT SMITHERS, most recently elected member of the Committee, has been in Scotland, grouse-shooting. He thought to make a graceful gesture towards his Chairman, and sent off a brace of young birds to Sir Archibald Campbell in London. But the birds were addressed to the house of another member of the same surname, who also has a partiality for game. Colin Campbell has told this story in the House; what we want to know is—has he told Hubert Smithers? He was in luck, was Colin Campbell, as he received another brace of grouse from Hubert's brother, Norman; but these birds were really meant for him, which should have given them a better flavour.

JIMMY LEWY, the subject of one of "Jonk's" drawings this week, hasn't told us anything about his holiday. We feel sure he chose a place where there was good food, as he has a great appreciation of the gastronomical art. He has the most amazingly retentive memory of anyone in the House; he can always put the right name to the right face after a single meeting, no matter how long ago, and his memory for business matters is just as good. He deals in tea-shares, and will remember practically every tea-leaf in all his bargains. And he is nearly as quick at repartee as he is accurate in his recollections. In fact, he is as clever as a sackful of monkeys; and, oddly enough, his gestures and mannerisms are singularly reminiscent of the first lines of a song in *The Geisha*.

Jimmy Lewy
"Mincing Lane"

Two more Saturdays of liberty are before the House. The T.U.C. at Brighton had much to say about the five-day week; is there some subtle connection between this and the fact that so many members live at Brighton? We beg their pardon—Hove. And now we have to beg Sir Harry Preston's pardon, too.

FASHION NOTE: Always up to date with our observations on House headwear, we draw the attention of readers to the fact that the autumn has now officially begun. No more grey top-hats are to be seen; the signal for them to be put away in their boxes until next year is the running of the St. Leger.

Westminster Whispers

I KNOW no county through which I have travelled which has the same immunity in its spirit from the machine age that Suffolk has. Even the coast, the easiest to spoil, has stayed unsullied.

NORFOLK is the county of contrasts, its prosperity depending on the soil, with industrial Norwich at its head; the county of great houses and estates, sheltered and aloof, with Yarmouth and the Broads, pleasure-grounds of London and half the work-shops of the North; of Lowestoft, with its fishing fleet and of Brancaster with its Royal golf course; the county of Nelson, the patriot, and of Ket, the rebel; of feudalism, with independence; of Liberals more conservative than Tories.

IN days gone by, East Anglia was preponderatingly Radical. Norwich, contrariwise, like the county, with its up-to-date factories and its ancient fairs, its Cathedral, and its Maddermarket Theatre, returning two members, divided its favours between Liberal and Conservative; until the great days of Sir Harry Bullard and the first Sir Samuel Hoare, Conservatives who represented the city from 1895 to 1904. Then Sir Harry died, a Liberal came in, and although he was at the bottom of the poll, a Socialist appeared, in Mr. George Roberts. In 1906 he was at the top of the poll, and he remained at Norwich until 1923. By then he had made the full circle. After being Minister of Labour he slid gradually through Independence and Liberalism into being a Tory. Then Norwich let him down.

IT wasn't until 1924 that another Conservative represented Norwich. Liberal-Labour until 1923, when two Socialists were in, and the Right Honourable George Roberts and the Right Honourable Edward Hilton Young were out. In 1924 the Liberal (Hilton Young) was back with a victorious Conservative at last, Captain Fairfax. Mr. Hilton Young went over to the Conservatives, to become Sir Edward, and the Member for safe Sevenoaks, and in 1929, although Mr. Shakespeare, the one Liberal candidate, was at the top, Captain Fairfax, the one Conservative, was at the bottom.

MR. SHAKESPEARE was at the top again in 1931—this time as a Liberal Nationalist, with Mr. Hartland, the Conservative, beside him. The two persevering Socialists, who never know when they are beaten, are Miss Jewson and Mr. W. R. Smith. They were both in in 1923, and Mr. Smith was in in 1929. They don't despair. They aren't like Mr. Hartland. Two years in Parliament have decided him to give up. He is not standing again.

NOT so Mr. Shakespeare. He is busy making his reputation. He is forty, Under-Secretary to Sir Hilton Young (he can't escape from Norwich). There is no question either of Mr. Shakespeare's Liberalism. Mr. Gladstone once drove past the house at Lakenham where he was born, and for a time he was private secretary to Mr. Lloyd George. But he was one of the first of the Liberal Nationalists, and before he went to the Ministry of Health was their Chief Whip.

MR. SHAKESPEARE has an eye to the future. He is devoting himself to slum clearance. He dares to say what others only dare to think—that the Dartmoor convicts live under better conditions than many working people, and that the Slum Speculator must be hounded out. He thinks, perhaps not unnaturally, that the present Government is the strongest and ablest of modern times, but he has made the dangerous prophesy that it will probably be another twenty years before the Socialist Party have a chance of taking office again.

TOUCHING messages of good will passed in 1931 between Mr. Shakespeare and his neighbour, Lord Elmley, another Liberal, who sits for the Eastern Division. Lord Elmley, whose lighthouse at Winterton is now definitely a pictorial landmark, is Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Hore-Belisha; an unexpected combination which has proved highly successful for both parties.

His Division embraces the Broads (what memories they bring back to someone on the staff of every City office! Memories of Charlie dropping his quant at Wroxham, or ramming the bridge at Potter Heigham!), and he is sufficiently popular to have had a wireless set given him by his constituents. Yet he may have a tussle to keep his seat. Still, although his Liberalism is not yet a generation deep, I don't think, whatever is in store for his chief and the rest of his Party, that he will join the Conservatives. He would be more likely to join the Socialists. Lord Elmley is always in the House of Commons; he can always be got hold of; it is more of a home to him than Madresfield Court. When he goes to the Lords, I don't know what he will do with himself.

MR. THOMAS COOK, who is a year older than Lord Elmley—he was born in 1902—has been at the Northern Division, hammer and tongs, since 1924—always against the Noel Buxtons. His persistence was at last rewarded in 1931, when he beat Lady Noel Buxton by six thousand. Her husband sat for there as a Liberal from 1910 to 1918, when he was defeated. After four years in the wilderness he came back as a Socialist until 1930.

MR. COOK, who has made himself an important man in Norfolk life—he is on hospital and Barnardo boards, and was once even Master of the North Norfolk Harriers—said delightfully in his maiden speech: "Political apprenticeship does no one any harm." Well, he ought to know.

Round the Constituencies: No. 8. Norfolk and Suffolk

By "BIG BEN" on Tour

Sketches by David Wilson

OF the five Norfolk constituencies, only one has a distinctive name; the others are content with the points of the compass. Lord Fermoy, who has sat for the individual one, King's Lynn, since 1924, is ex-Mayor of the town, an Irish peer, aged forty-eight, a twin, and of Harvard education. He was married in 1931, and has now decided not to stand again. His constituency will miss him. The new Conservative candidate is to be the son of another Irish peer, Mr. Somerset Maxwell. But he has yet to win his spurs, and it is to be remembered that Lord Fermoy had to capture the seat from a Liberal. One rich man succeeds another, but Mr. Maxwell will have to work hard to keep up Lord Fermoy's standard.

IN the Southern Division, Mr. Christie has been the member since 1924; Major McLean has been in the South-Western Division since 1923; but he was defeated there in 1929 by 700. Last time his majority was ten thousand.

YET another Liberal is at Yarmouth—Mr. Harbord. Sir Arthur Fell, of Channel Tunnel fame, a Conservative, sat there from 1906 to 1922. When he gave up, Mr. Harbord came in. Sir Frank Meyer turned him out in 1924; he was back again in 1929. At the last Election he was a Liberal Nationalist, and had only a Socialist to contend with. "Harbord, Great Yarmouth," is his address; he is part of the place.

SUFFOLK has only one Liberal member, Mr. Granville, who sits for Eye, a traditionally Liberal seat. Sudbury was weaned from its Liberalism by Sir Cuthbert Quilter, a Liberal turned Liberal-Unionist.

COLONEL BURTON, who has represented the Division since 1924, had to win the seat from its Liberal Member, Mr. Loverseed, and another Liberal, Mr. Sainsbury, gave him a close fight in 1931. Some people might call Colonel Burton a Die-hard. He is certainly a true Tory.

THE one traditionally Conservative Division is Woodbridge, thanks to Mr. Pretyman, Colonel Peel, and Sir Arthur Churchman. Mr. Ross Taylor is their fortunate beneficiary. He is a Scotsman, but he settled in Suffolk some years ago, and the interest he has taken in local affairs has now brought him its reward. The constituency is to be congratulated, too; so long as they choose their own people they won't go far astray.

IPSWICH used to send two Members to Westminster. The famous Jesse Collings sat for it. Will the '85 election ever be forgotten, when he and his fellow-Liberal were both unseated on petition? Sir Samuel Hoare fought his first fight there in 1906, and was bottom of the poll. Liberals held sway until 1914, when Sir John Ganzoni—plain Mr. then—fought the unlucky Mr. C. F. G. Masterman at a by-election and won. He remained in possession till 1923—after 1918 the borough's only Member—when a Socialist slipped in by less than five hundred. Sir John was back in 1924, and hasn't been caught again. In 1931 he had a majority of twelve thousand, but, then he had married an Ipswich lady the year before, and no constituency would turn down a man after one of its daughters had accepted him.

IT will be a long time before we get used to thinking of Mr. Walter Guinness as Lord Moyne, and of Bury St. Edmunds without Mr. Walter Guinness. He was its Member from 1917 to 1931. He was succeeded by Captain Heilgers, who was unopposed—a habit that Bury has. Mr. Guinness fought only three elections in twenty-four years; he was unopposed five times. Captain Heilgers is of Sussex stock, but he lives now in Suffolk in his own Division. He has taken some time to go into Parliament—he is forty-one—but he shouldn't let that deter him.

THE Member for Lowestoft is forty-nine. Up to last year I should have said that Sir Gervais Rentoul was more successful at politics than at the Bar. Then came the débâcle of the Report on Economy of the Conservative Private Members' Committee. Sir Gervais fell between two stools: the Government and the back-benchers. He was Chairman of the Committee for ten years. He is no longer. He was deposed. To quote his own words of the other day: "Enthusiasm in certain quarters for economy may not be so great as it was."

HE was evidently prepared to leave politics, for he put himself up for election as City Remembrancer. He was sponsored by Mr. Baldwin, but the City wouldn't have him. Now he is all at sea—on the Doric: the star-turn of the Conservative Central Office cruise.

Next Week:
NOTTINGHAM, DERBY AND LEICESTER

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

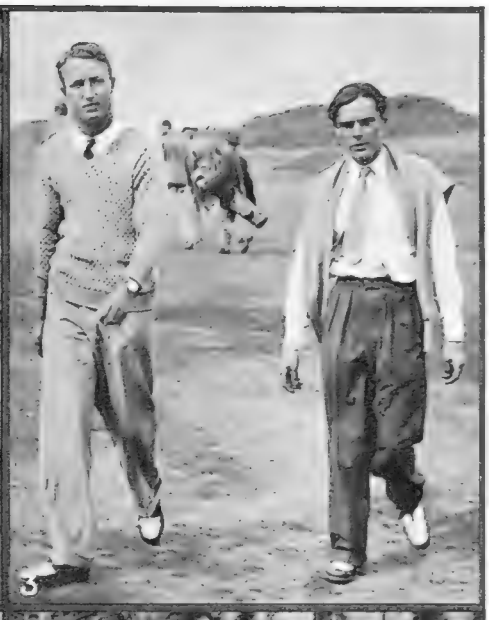
No. 16—Capt. Tommy Graves

CAPTAIN TOMMY GAY—I mean, Captain Tommy Graves, is known personally to more racegoers and hunting people than almost anyone in the country, and when he succeeds his cousin and becomes the seventh Lord Graves, he will be the first peer in history to bet professionally, which he does for Ladbroke's. He will also be the first peer, probably, who has been a ticket-collector. For Tommy, born in Devonshire fifty-six years ago, decided at the age of sixteen that he would like to become a railway magnate. So he joined the London and North-Western Railway, and was employed at Whitchurch and Nuneaton for the magnificent sum of forty pounds a year. During that period he weighed fish in the parcels office and once succeeded in getting a shunting-engine off the line ("slight raspberry" from headquarters, as Tommy will tell you). Then he spent six years at Euston in the Traffic Department. "Thank God the South African War started then," our hero interjects at this stage. He joined the Staffordshire Yeomanry as a trooper, and on his return, joined the Stock Exchange. The very first day he met £62 10s. four times. This was evidently better than playing at railway trains, and until 1913 he stayed there.

BUT his great interest in life has always been the horse in every shape and form, and a year before the war he was to be seen making his début as an amateur bookmaker on the lawns of Sandown, at the Grand Military. Four years with the Northumberland Yeomanry ensued and, in March 1919, he joined Ladbroke's. In fact, he left the Army on a Thursday, and on the following Monday he had a damned good day at Lincoln. Since then he has raced, on an average, two hundred days a year, and in consequence he is always in rude health. Broad-faced, red-cheeked and Norman-nosed, he is the opposite of what the Dorchester Hotel cloak-room man would call "Miga." He is the best dancer of his age in London, and is a very good judge of an ankle. Nobody has ever seen him around with a plain-looking woman. He plays golf, although he cannot find anyone to beat, because he finds that it keeps his grasp of language well keyed up. He is a director of Ciro's, runs Nash's with Frank Covell, likes cigars, and has given up brandy. He lives in Cock Yard, Mayfair; admits to the Christian names of Henry Algernon; is devoted to the pursuit of the fox; has a quick temper and a long memory; knows all the latest stories; possesses blue-green eyes and two bêtes noires, one of them titled; has been married and divorced; has a son, Peter, who plays a good game at lawn tennis; and is so tough that if he chewed ten-inch nails he would probably spit rust.

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Hynes



Battles at Burnham

The West of England Amateur Championships on the Burnham and Berrow Links

(1) J. H. Peebles, seen on the left, who lost to M. K. Garnett by 2 and 1 in the second round

(2) J. J. McInnes beaten by J. A. Beer (on the right) in the second round by 7 and 6

(3) A. S. Anderson (right) and C. S. Hudson, whom he beat 3 and 2, returning after their match

(6) J. H. Greathead and P. W. L. Risdon. The latter created a surprise by beating the British Amateur Champion, the Hon. Michael Scott, in the first round

(4) E. F. Dawson and G. Glass-Hooper. The latter won at the nineteenth

(5) D. D. Grant-White, who lost to C. H. Cole (on the right) by 1 up

(7) H. R. Buckland, who beat S. H. R. Hornby by 1 up in the second round. The latter won the War Memorial Trophy, a meeting held prior to the Championship

(8) E. J. Poole and G. S. Noon waiting at the first tee. The latter won his match against Poole by 5 and 4 in the second round. J. L. Black was the ultimate winner

• STANDING • BY . . .

A Weekly Commentary on This and That

By "THE BYSTANDERS"

A NEW story has reached us regarding Sam Goldwyn, Hollywood's hard-headed star-groom. So relentless is Goldwyn in his search for screen talent that, year in, year out, the United Artists' stables echo with the hiss of the indrawn Goldwyn breath, the rasp of the Goldwyn curry-comb. At the moment, Western civilisation is eagerly awaiting his production of *Nana* (one of those naughty stories that got tucked under cushions in the great old days!), for which he has been smartening Fräulein Anna Sten. Goldwyn doesn't always use the English language with the deftness that characterises his use of the camera. In fact, he 's definitely at sea with dat ole Mother Tongue. The other day, at an executives' conference, he found himself in a minority of one on some critical decision. "Well," he said, striking the table in a big way, "if that 's the way you all feel about it, you can include me out!" There must be thousands of similar stories attached to Sam Goldwyn's name—most of them quite apocryphal. Raving about the beauty of his wife's hands (and how beautiful they are we know who once accepted from them the finest glass of liqueur brandy we ever encountered in America), Sam is said to have exclaimed: "Are her hands lovely, huh? Why, they 're so lovely I 'm having a sculptor make a bust of them!" On another occasion, when extolling a picture made in his own studios, he is reported to have enthused as follows: "It 's a great picture—it 's colossal—it 's stupendous—it 's titanic—it 's—" and he paused as he groped for the ultimate epithet—"why, it 's *mediocre*!" We don't believe every story we hear—not even when it 's about Sam Goldwyn.

Greta Nissen

Janet Jevons

Zelma O'Neil

Above: Greta Nissen, the film-actress who, after taking the part of a modern vamp in a R.K.O.-Radio picture, has come to England to take one of the characters in Lady Eleanor Smith's "Red Wagon," the well-known novel, which is being made into a "talkie"

In circle: Zelma O'Neil, an American actress who is playing at the Strand Theatre in the new musical play, "Nice Goings On," with Leslie Henson as the star, which was produced last week

AT a party some days ago we made the acquaintance of Peggy Barwell. This actress-playwright-novelist (if we may be forgiven a ponderous hyphenation, but we 're still a trifle dazed) has a cleft chin. So have all the rest of her family. Cleft chins are comparatively rare, particularly with chasms of the Barwell calibre. Perfect strangers come up to this lovely creature, exclaiming: "Excuse me, Miss, but surely you must be one of the Barwells?"—and she always is. It 's like the Hapsburg lip, only worse. In addition to a cleft chin, la Barwell has raven hair that grows down her forehead to an inordinate "widow's peak"—*and two crowns to her head.* We got all excited; had never before talked to a lady with two crowns to her head; asked her how it felt to be that way. "It feels all right," was the reply. "It simply means I can't part my hair." It 's true, she can't; has to brush it straight back. Miss Barwell appeared to be entirely unimpressed by her own peculiarities. We ourselves are more bothered about them than she 's ever likely to be; can't help thinking that life must have something pretty strange in store for a lovely girl with a cleft chin, a widow's peak, and ten-shillingsworth of crowns on her head.

VIVE LE SPORT!

No. 10.—Prince Ras Monoloulou

FROM Doncaster to Lewes,
From Folkestone up to York,
You are one person who is
To be trusted to uncork
A flow of racing patter
That re-echoes round the course,
For no matter where the meeting,
Hopeful punters you are greeting
With your cry, "I gotta norse!"

With plumage proudly waving
Above your flashing eyes
For ever you are slaving
To put us punters wise
By giving us a winner
(Plus good-natured chaff and sauce)
As you burst upon the silence,
In a voice that 's heard a mile 'ence
To proclaim, "I gotta norse!"

Last of the Norsemen! Tell me,
If I bring my money up,
That you guarantee to sell me
Just a horse (and not a pup)
And I 'll gladly plonk my shirt on
What you advocate with force
And rejoice with you in learning
That, since "also-rans" you 're spurning,
You indeed have "gotta norse"!

B. W.

ON the southern side of one of those aluminium-painted standards in the courtyard of Victoria Station, someone has pencilled the following words: "Have gone. Could not wait." We first observed the message one gold-dusted evening early this month, while waiting for a lady who had engaged to celebrate the return of the oyster season with us at Overton's. There was much to attract our eye in the surrounding scene—that corner where the buses wheel headlong out of the omnibus terminus must now be the busiest and most perilous in town—yet the trifling scribble of pencil seemed to stand out amidst all that brouhaha as though a spotlight were focussed upon it. Having time to pass, we mused upon the meaning of the thing. "Have gone. Could not wait" . . . the handwriting, round and immature, was situated on the lamp standard at about the height of a small and beautiful girl (we have an ineluctable impression that the writer was beautiful). How long did she wait for him, glancing apprehensively at the bold clock on the station façade? Did she cry a little as the hands crept round and it became apparent that he would never come now? Did they use that lamp-post regularly as a slate for tender communication—or was it in a gesture of despair that she scribbled the words he would most likely never read (for, though there are said to be sermons in stones and books in the running brooks, who looks for love on a lamp-post)? Hoping that, maybe, the correspondence had continued, we visited the scene a week later. No change—just "Have gone. Could not wait," scrawled in a round, immature hand at about the height of a small and beautiful girl. And there, we suppose, it will remain, until some insensate slave of the Borough Council comes with a pot of aluminium paint and, with one stroke of a brush, eliminates what may be all that we will ever know of some suburban Heloise and Abelard.

The Thalberg Family

Irving Thalberg, Irving Thalberg, junr., and Norma Shearer photographed on board ship. Two of them, at least, are big noises in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

DRAWN BY WILK

"D'yuh sell sunburn lotion?"

ONE of the besetting problems of Hollywood is its "extras." There are 18,000 extra-players on the official books of the Central Casting Bureau from which the big studios are pledged to engage their crowds. Few of these can be given more than ten days' work per annum. In addition to the 18,000 recognised by the Bureau, there are a further 200,000 people within the fifty-mile area of Los Angeles who, when they have to fill up a form or give evidence in court, describe themselves as a "film extra." Most of these are tramps or formerly rich people who took the knock during the Crash. It is said that more than 4000 European actors and actresses are now more or less stranded in Hollywood—and that 200 of these were stars in their own countries before they left for the coast. When "talkies" started the studios made foreign versions of many of their big pictures, offering golden opportunities to players who could "speak the language." This system has now been generally discarded as unprofitable, though Paramount still makes complete French versions of Chevalier's films, and Fox occasionally turns out an entirely Spanish picture, aimed at Spain, Mexico, and South America. In most other cases American pictures are either "dubbed" with foreign dialogue that more or less fits the lip-movements of the original actors, or have explanatory captions lettered in white at the foot of the film. There are still a few small parts for Continentals in films with a European setting that demand a foreign "crowd." French people get most of these. Worst plight is that of Hollywood's German colony; there are few jobs for them, and Nazi regulations make it difficult for many of them to return home. The list of one-time European stars who are left practically jobless in California includes Emil de Recat and Georgette Rhods (French); Hans von Twardowski and Ulrich Steindorf (German); and Carlos Villarias (Spanish). English actors are in a better way, though the studios still maintain that American audiences find difficulty in following what they are saying.

LAST week this department devoted several costly inches to admiring America's bold fight for "recovery": nothing that Publicity could do, we noted, was being left undone. Former admiration entitles us, we maintain, to smile a little this week. General Johnson's organisation has decided that the National Recovery Act must be backed up with an official song, and has invited the versatile George M. Cohan to compose this uplifting piece. Cohan, when we last heard, could offer no brighter suggestion than a revised and topicalised version of his own war-time "hit," "Over There"—a ditty

Above: Victor McLaglen as Dick Turpin, and Jane Carr as Lady Eleanor Mowbray in the romantic side of the highwayman film, "Dick Turpin," which has just been completed by John Stafford Productions

Left: Ketti Gallian, the French actress who plays the part of a prostitute, and Raymond Massey, the brave aviator who is afraid of being afraid, in "The Ace," a play adapted from the German, at the Lyric Theatre

Temporary Antidote to Fear

Raymond Massey and Ketti Gallian, in "The Ace"

which informed a stricken Europe that the "Yanks were coming" a deuce of a long time before they arrived. Title, said Cohan, must be changed to "Over Here." Unfortunately, we are no longer au fait with the situation; have not been able to discover whether General Johnson accepted the composer's suggestion, and, if so, if President Roosevelt launched the new lyric by singing the song in person over the air.

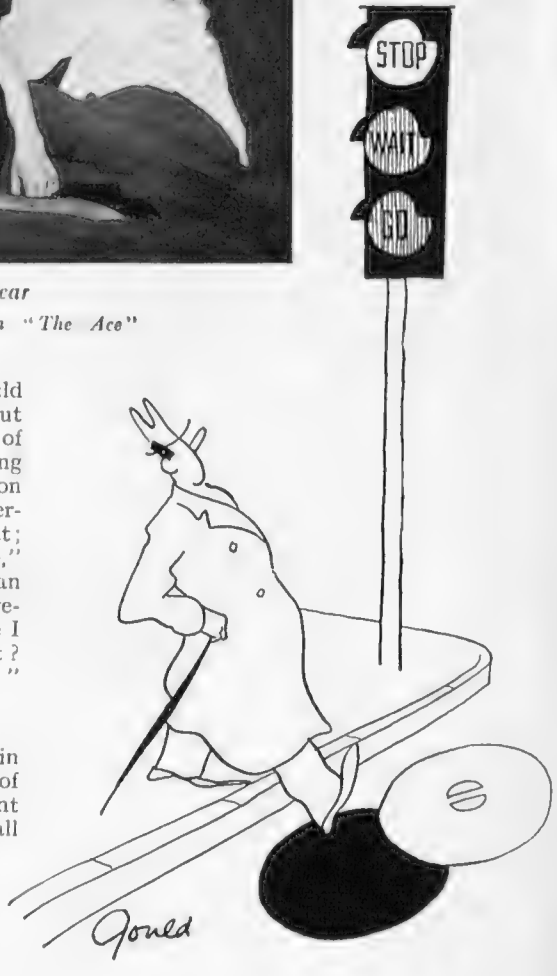
THE original MS. of "Over There" is preserved in the archives at Washington, listed under the heading, "Historic Documents." (This lead might be followed by the Imperial War Museum; the original manuscript of "——, and the Same to You!" would no doubt be of passionate interest to future generations wondering what the devil the war was about.) Feist's, the music publishers, bought the script from George M. Cohan for $25,000. They presented it to Washington and he gave the money to war charities.

PREVIOUS reference to the "dubbing" of films with foreign dialogue reminds us of a contretemps that occurred at Elstree a year or so back. One of the studios there, having completed an epic and wishing to have a version of it for release in Germany, thought they'd save money by having the dialogue roughed out by a Jewish actor whom they held under contract. Actor claimed he could speak German and certainly carried out his job in record time; he spoke most of the lines himself and invited friends along to do the rest. The completed version was shown to a visiting buyer from Germany, whose verdict was: "It's great; but it isn't German!" "Nonsense," replied the studio; "it's the best German money could buy!" "Himmel!" retorted the buyer. "Are you telling me I don't know German when I hear it? This version of yours is in Yiddish!" It was.

DID we or did we not refer earlier in these paragraphs to the subject of oysters? Probably yes, for in the present month oysters are of acute interest to all men of decent taste and feeling. From May until September we have been deprived of a delicacy that combines all the virtues of a delicate food and a potent stimulant. We do not resent the embargo, because oyster-breeding friends assure us that it is inevitable; oysters would die out if paunchy old gluttons like ourselves were not deprived of them during the r-less months. Many people believe that the oyster is dangerous eating between May and September. This is not so; we have eaten many a plate of them in Cancale and St. Briac during July and August, without the least ill-effect. Oysters are no more dangerous in summer than any other food which is liable to deteriorate when exposed to undue heat. Native tradition forbids their sale during these months because this is the breeding season along the oyster-beds, and the dear old things must be left alone to get on with it.

THE biologically-minded might welcome a simply-phrased account of what has actually been going on in the oyster world during the late close season. Unless we are much mistaken, the lady oysters . . . [No, No.—Editor.]

THE BYSTANDERS.



All About Horses

Lanark Races and the Warwickshire Hunt Horse Show

Miss Diana Puckle, Lady Joan Hope, and Miss Marjorie Scott walking round on the first day of the Lanark Autumn Meeting

Mr. Tom Walls, who had several horses running at Lanark, talking to Miss Anna May Wong and Mr. Oswald Barclay in the paddock

Above: Miss Campbell and Lady Bridget Douglas-Home, the Earl of Home's elder daughter, at Lanark

Below: Miss Monica Dunne and her brother, Mr. Philip Dunne, who is joint-Master, with Lord Willoughby de Broke, of the Warwickshire

Lady Willoughby de Broke, Captain Wallford, Miss Rachel Wrey, and Lord Willoughby de Broke, M.F.H., at the Warwickshire Hunt Horse Show at Moreton Morrell. Lord Willoughby de Broke and Miss Wrey are being married on October 4th

Lord Dunglass, the Earl of Home's son, who has been M.P. for Lanark since 1931, with Lady Anne Hope at Lanark Races on the first day

"CHRYSALIS"

"Chrysalis" is one of the most striking of the five photographs shown by Mrs. Rosalind Maingot in the 1933 Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography. The Exhibition contains some very beautiful work, and as might be expected from the brief foreword in the catalogue, illustrates the advance of photography as an art rather than as a science

"INCOGNITO"

"Incognito," by Walter Bird, is another of the photographs chosen by the London Salon of Photography for their Exhibition at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, in Pall Mall. The Exhibition opened on September 9th, and its closing date is October 7th

Miriam Licette, Parry Jones, Josephine Wray, and Gladys Parr, four members of the newly-formed Metropolitan Opera Company, as they appeared at the Streatham Hill Theatre in a performance of "Die Meistersinger," given in English

Music and all That . . .

B.B.C. Promises and Operatic Performances

By "Melos"

THE B.B.C. come in for hard smacks at times, to which, having dug themselves in to enjoy a Government-protected monopoly, they are about as indifferent as a battle-ship nibbled by a minnow.

But as guardians and purveyors of at least eighty per cent. of England's serious music, they are doing the job extremely well. Take, for instance, the music they are to give us during the forthcoming season of orchestral concerts, which begins when the "Proms" come to an end. There will be eighteen concerts at the Queen's Hall between October and the end of December. Then will follow a Festival of British Music in January, and a similar festival in May.

IT is not merely a matter of quantity, but of extremely high quality, too. First, the conductors. In addition to our own Sir Thomas Beecham, Sir Henry Wood, and Dr. Adrian Boult, M. Ernest Ansermet, of the Assyrian beard, an old friend of the admirers of the Diaghileff ballet, is returning after a long interval. Bruno Walter, who is not very friendly with Hitler, will conduct, and so will Felix Weingartner, who married a lady from Daly's Theatre, London.

Arnold Schönberg, whom I prefer as a conductor rather than as a composer, is another guest. Bartok and Prokofiev (rather wild men, these) will play their new piano concertos, and among the eminent soloists who are not composers are Schnabel, Busch, Lamond, Szigeti, Albert Sammons, Myra Hess, and Hoffmann.

MODERNISTS who are always clamouring that the only opera really worth listening to nowadays is Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*, will be interested to learn that the scheme also includes a concert performance of this work—the first *complete* performance in England, though excerpts were given last year under Sir Henry Wood.

English music is by no means to be neglected, for Sir Thomas Beecham is to conduct a concert which will, in fact, be a Dame Ethel Smyth festival in honour of that lady's seventy-fifth birthday; this will include her big choral work, *The Prison* (prompted, I imagine, by recollections of her Suffragette experiences), and her concerto for violin and horn—a rare combination.

Most important of all, Sir Edward Elgar's new symphony, the Third, will be given its first performance. It is separated from its predecessor by a long distance, for the Second Symphony was completed as long ago as 1911 and dedicated to the memory of King Edward VII.

THE above is only a tenth part of the music the B.B.C. is providing within the next few months. I doubt whether there is another country so well looked after in this respect. Sir John Reith is not at all musical, nor does he pretend to be. But he has the good sense to choose the right people to take charge of this important department.

THE Metropolitan Opera Company was successfully launched at Streatham, whose theatre is vast and has fine acoustic properties. The performance of *Die Meistersinger*, which I heard, was admirable, considering the many difficulties attendant on any new venture of this type.

I am aware that there are those who argue that "considering" is not a word which should be found in the operatic vocabulary—that Grand Opera should either be given immaculately and expensively or not at all. These are usually the very people who would be the last to give opera any sort of assistance, financial or otherwise.

In the case of the Metropolitan Company, miracles have been worked, and Mr. Robert Parker and his associates are to be congratulated, not only on their pluck, but on some very real achievements. The Streatham *Die Meistersinger* was not without faults, which were mainly orchestral and stage-managerial. Constant rehearsal (unfortunately, an expensive business) will eradicate the former; the installation of an absolute dictator who knows his job will help with the latter. I asked one of the company some weeks ago who was producing them. He replied, with a shrug, "Everybody." Which explains much.

However, there was some splendid singing. If there is a better Eva in the world than Miss Miriam Licette, I have yet to hear her—and I must have heard this opera 100 times. Mr. Parry Jones sang beautifully as Walther, and other good work came from Mr. Bernard Ross, Mr. Philip Bertram, and Mr. Browning Mummery.

More attention should, however, be paid to diction, particularly as there was no synopsis of the story in the programmes.

Albert Coats, who conducted at the Streatham Hill Theatre when "Die Meistersinger" was performed, being welcomed by A. Barrett Brandreth, the General Manager of the theatre

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4. EVENING gown of heavy black satin, the high neckline in front held by a mirror clasp. At the back the décolletage descends to the waist. Vionnet from Marshall and Snelgrove

5. BLACK silk crêpe afternoon gown with gathered ruches on the shoulders. The draped bodice ties in a knot at the back. Worth from Harvey Nichols

6. GERANIUM red velvet evening gown, the sash and cape lined with turquoise blue. The latter is fastened by a jewel at the back of the neck. Worth from Harvey Nichols

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Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Midsummer Madness

Brown Grass at Blackheath

Owing to the hard and slippery condition of the Rectory Field, Blackheath, the players who turned out for the trial match wore white shoes, which must have helped to make running easy and kicking difficult. The photograph above shows warm work on a hot day

I MAY as well confess that I am writing this, my first Rugby football article of the season, sitting in a punt moored on a pleasant stretch of the River Avon. What is more, the thought of Rugby football strikes me as nauseating and absurd; a blazing sun scorches my back, the ground is brick-hard, and we are surrounded by thousands of miles of fine weather.

Actually, the weather conditions are most salutary, for they remind us that we begin the football season a month too soon nowadays. Every year I hammer away at the same argument; quite unavailingly, of course, but the fact remains that October is quite early enough for Rugby football. As it is, the season lasts from September to April—eight months of it; we should be well advised to lop off a month at each end.

IT may be that at this moment players are desperately keen and full of energy, but let them remember other years. Let them remember that weary feeling which overtakes them towards the end of January, that disillusionment and staleness which makes them wonder why they ever decided to crash their dreary way round a Rugby ground. Short and sweet—that should be the Rugby motto—and it can be applied with equal justice to the duration of the season as it can to the length of speeches at club dinners. And, before it is too late, may I plead with club committees that when they are arranging their annual banquets they should keep the toast-list as short as possible? What burdens they are, these interminable speeches! How familiar is the toast of the Rugby Union, and how well we know the old clap-trap about the spirit of the game!

BUT perhaps I am being a little peevish; the spirit of the game, poor thing, has to be revived now and again with a few kind words, and there have been times when I have wondered whether it was not in danger of becoming altogether too spiritual, too ghostly and insubstantial. I say this with a purpose, for, incredible though it seems, with the water lapping so agreeably round the stern of my punt, we are at the beginning of another season, and I hope profoundly that we do not propose to approach it with undue solemnity.

It would be pleasant to think that we are going to enjoy our Rugby football this winter, and that we shall refuse to allow the need for efficiency and performance to interfere with our good humour. The spirit of the game, bless its heart, will be better served by a little honest laughter than by any amount of dull theorising and moralising and injections of the will to win.

MIND you, the general standard of Rugby football last season was indifferent, to say the least of it. Scotland staged a comeback, and won all her International matches, but was the Scottish side a great side? Not by a very long chalk. Promising, perhaps; some of the Scottish youngsters—W. R. Logan, K. T. L. Jackson, D. I. Brown, and H. D. B. Lorraine—may show signs of maturity during the coming months, and it is possible that we shall throw our hats in the air and declare that the golden age has returned.

It is possible, but unlikely, and the other countries are in even worse plight. There are a few promising players about, but, starting from scratch, the prospects are not brilliant. The prospects, I mean, of a really cracker-jack season of International football, though the clubs, I am certain, will thoroughly enjoy themselves, and provide crusty old spectators like myself with plenty of fun.

I HEAR, for example, that the Harlequin forwards should be an exceptionally fast, bright lot of lads, with R. E. Prescott down from Oxford and playing regularly, and plenty of other lively ones. Blackheath, too, with A. G. Cridlan to captain them, are in fine fettle, and the Old Boy Clubs are full of hope and enterprise. In the provinces, moreover, enthusiasm is intense, and never has a Rugby season opened with such a swing all over the country.

This is encouraging, though when I think that for a fortnight they have been playing outside London—rattling on the hard ground like peas on a plate, risking cracked bones and torn muscles—when I think of this I wonder whether enthusiasm cannot sometimes be exaggerated. Still, that is not my business, and it is more interesting to speculate upon the trend of play which all this keenness will produce.

WE may as well begin, I suppose, with the pious hope that scrummaging will improve, and that if back-row forwards are to be encouraged, they will at least be chosen primarily for intelligence, and not merely for speed. I have no grudge against the back-row marauder who knows the game inside-out, and uses his knowledge constructively, but the wretched fellow who never does a stroke of work, and simply confuses and muddles the backs of both sides; this fellow is an intolerable pest and a menace to Rugby football.

For many years now we have made experiments in forward play, and from mere brawn we have evolved to a belief in a reasonable amount of brain. The time has come now, though, to take stock; to look back over our experiments, and retain only the discoveries based upon the fundamental principles of honest shoving and sound scrummaging. We are, I believe, at the end of development in forward play, and we should do well to call a halt and retrench. To push further in the direction of quick breaking and speed in the open is, to my mind, a threat to the character of Rugby football as we have always known it.

AND what about the spring-heeled gentlemen behind the scrummage? Where do our sympathies lie—with those who advocate solidity and safety first in mid-field, or with those who pine for swift individuality in attack, even at the expense of brick-wall centres of the Burland type?

I am all for swiftness here, for the Tallents and Linds and Woollers, whose defence is attack; who will go racing through the centre; who will make openings for fast wing three-quarters despite the attentions of roving forwards. And I should like to expatiate on the subject of kicking—the art of kicking in attack, which is now particularly occupying the attention of the New Zealanders, those devastatingly acute strategists. That, however, will keep.

The Passing Picture Show

Personality v. Pulchritude

By Sydney Tremayne

"Dinner at Eight"

THE film version of *Dinner at Eight* provides the same sense of disappointment as introduction to someone who has been over-praised beforehand. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have put all their eggs into one basket and some of them have got cracked—some illustrious reputations are damaged. The actors and actresses really have no opportunity to develop parts which, in most cases, are no more than sketches and call for a special technique. In the stage play, the traditional unities held together the characters and the stories—never very strong in dramatic relativity; under George Cukor's direction the film seems diffuse and disintegrate, its several dramas running on different lines towards no easily recognisable junction.

Marie Dressler gives easily the best performance. Every time she appears the picture quickens into some sort of life, credibility and cohesion; and, incidentally, she has most of the best lines, or makes them sound like that. In contra-distinction, Billie Burke reduces the ineptness and inanity of the hostess to so motley a crowd of guests, to the verge of imbecility, and her preoccupation with the aspic, which takes the form of the wobbly back-view of some animal, is a "touch of humour" too jejune for the majority and inadequate to relieve the gloom engendered by expositions of heart-failure, heartbreak, suicide and sordid intrigue.

Lionel Barrymore depicts the heart-attack by tottering and tearing at collar and tie. John Barrymore, who can do such excellent character-work, obviously does not believe in himself as a fallen star driven to drink and suicide, and fails to effect the impression by gross exaggeration. Wallace Beery, as a crook-financier, and Jean Harlow, as his gold-digging wife, do their stuff well: their scene together is one of the most virile and convincing in the picture. Edmund Lowe, as an amative and fashionable doctor, clasps and unclasps Jean Harlow as occasion demands. The rest of the spectacular cast give performances that call neither for criticism nor cascades of praise. Anyone who likes to take their stars in large doses will be satisfied.

"Tugboat Annie"

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER invite comparison of Marie Dressler's and Wallace Beery's performances in *Dinner at Eight* and *Tugboat Annie*. There is no comparison, although it is interesting to note that these brilliant and experienced players are not dependent on any one type of rôle. They can get into the skin of *any* part and play it with equal competency and conviction.

Tugboat Annie is adapted from the stories by Norman Reilly Rains which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and the character of the shrewd, intrepid, good-hearted old woman who skippered her own boat and bested an unscrupulous rival is brilliantly developed and interpreted by Marie Dressler. For the purposes of the film, and to commemorate the successful *Min and Bill* co-operation, Tugboat Annie is provided with a worthless, weak, drunken but lovable husband, and Wallace Beery is thus provided with a part which he handles consummately, succeeding in making Captain Terry's charm perceptible and his final act of heroism credible and moving.

PERSONALITY—

—PULCHRITUDE

"Tugboat Annie," which is reviewed on this page, is the Marie Dressler-Wallace Beery film at the Empire. In the top photograph is Marie Dressler as "Min," and below is Maureen O'Sullivan in the same film

There is also a son (Robert Young), a strangely youthful captain of a liner, who tries to persuade his mother to give up her contemptible husband—a strange attitude psychologically, as there is no chance of finding our old friend, the œdipus complex, in this picture, frankly composed of simple humour, "human" sentiment and drama. There are some glaring incredibilities and moments, but it gives Dressler and Beery still another chance to put pulchritude at a discount and exploit personality.

"The Only Girl"

LILIAN HARVEY'S last film for Gaumont-Ufa under the ægis of the great Pommer is called *The Only Girl*, and was not shown in London till a week later than her first Hollywood picture. It is made according to the familiar formula. Lilian has been a flower-girl, a cabaret-girl, and now, in *The Only Girl*, she is Juliette, hairdresser to an Empress and a bit of a minx. Whatever her profession on the screen, she finds her way into palaces and the affections of Tzars, Kings and Dukes. Perhaps we know a little too much of the ways of this maid with a man. But a certain glamour is achieved by elaborate and lovely costumes and settings, and there is some "funny business" about a jewelled garter which mysteriously changes hands, or, rather, legs. Charles Boyer, idolised in Paris, is excellent as the susceptible and melodious Duke.

One wonders what Ernest Thesiger is doing in this galère until one remembers that his brilliant versatility made him the mainspring of a pre-war farce, *A Little Bit of Fluff*, and provided the inimitable study of the Dauphin in Shaw's *St. Joan*. In *The Only Girl*, as a ludicrous Lord Chamberlain, he flavours humour with "preciousness," and subtly introduces a tinge of satire to distinguish the undistinguished and lift fatuity, if not to the heights, at least to the foothills of irony.

"This is the Life" and "Lucky Number"

GORDON HARKER is the most finished portrayer of Cockney types, the most expert purveyor of unsmiling humour on the English stage and screen. Binnie Hale is an excellent comédienne. With these two as principals, *This is the Life* promised good entertainment. But it was only a promise. The best artistes cannot succeed without material.

Contrast Harker's performance in Anthony's Asquith's picture, *Lucky Number*, now generally released. He was superb as the 'Ackney man and publican. Clifford Mollison also displayed outstanding screen talent and personality in this picture, which combines some fantastic interludes in the Clair tradition with accurate and admirable depiction of the London scenes—a football crowd, a fun fair, dog-racing, and a public house . . . a film well worth seeing.

Can You Make Faces?

Will Fyffe, a Master of Make-up, in Varied Character-Studies

Fagin, in "Oliver Twist"

The Bruiser

The Oldest Inhabitan

The Village Idiot

Himself

Make-up in these days, when actors are chosen to fit parts which the managements consider they resemble personally, is something of a lost art. Cedric Hardwicke is one of the few leading lights of the stage who likes to make himself unrecognisable. Will Fyffe, on the variety stage, is also a master of make-up, as will be seen by the accompanying pictures. And, if you would like to note this comedian's attention to all-important detail, observe the "cauliflower" ear on the head of "The Bruiser"

Photographs by John Everard, Orange Street

New Faces

To Introduce Four of the Very Young Set and their Mothers

The Hon. Mrs. Eccles and John Dawson

Above: the Hon. Mrs. Eccles, before she married Mr. David McAdam Eccles in 1928, was the Hon. Sybil Dawson; she is the eldest of Lord and Lady Dawson of Penn's three daughters. Her son, John Dawson, was born in 1931

Baroness de Rutzen and Victoria Ann

Baroness de Rutzen married Baron de Rutzen, of Slebech Park, Pembrokeshire, last year; she is the only daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Phillipps, and is twenty-one this year. Her husband's place is quite near Picton Castle, Haverfordwest, her father's home in South Wales. Her baby daughter was christened Victoria Ann

Mrs. Clive Loehnis and Serena Jane

Serena Jane is the one-year-old daughter of Lieut.-Com. Clive Loehnis, R.N., and Mrs. Loehnis. Mrs. Loehnis, before her marriage in 1929, was Miss Rosemary Ryder, and is the daughter of the late Major the Hon. Robert Dudley Ryder and Mrs. Ryder, and a niece of the Earl of Harrowby

Left:

Lady Pollington and John Christopher

Lady Pollington, before her marriage to the Earl of Mexborough's only son in 1930, was Miss Josephine Fletcher, and is the daughter of Captain A. M. Talbot Fletcher. Her son, the Hon. John Christopher George Savile, was born in 1931

Photographs by Lenare and Pearl Freeman

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

F. J. Gutmann

Compiled Weekly

for "The Bystander"

by Madge Garland

PARCHMENT velvet is news, and good news. H. J. Nicoll make it into the most charming informal dinner-gowns; they also make a selection in black: they also copy any of these models in any colour you please. Posed by Miss Margaret Rawlings, who will shortly play opposite Leslie Howard in "This Side Idolatry," a new Gilbert Miller production

Suggestions for

Four strands of marten trim a beige velvet gown. Augustabernard.

A cape accompanies a brown wool three-piece from Fortnum & Mason.

Excellent velvet béret in black, or can be made in any colour. H. J. Nicoll.

A pale-blue yoke with a high collar is worn with a black silk dress.

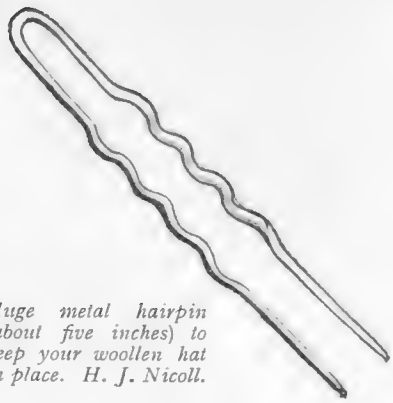
Wide brown revers on a nasturtium-red wool coat. Vera Boréa.

Jersey dress striped in grey. Matila from Liberty's Sports Dept.

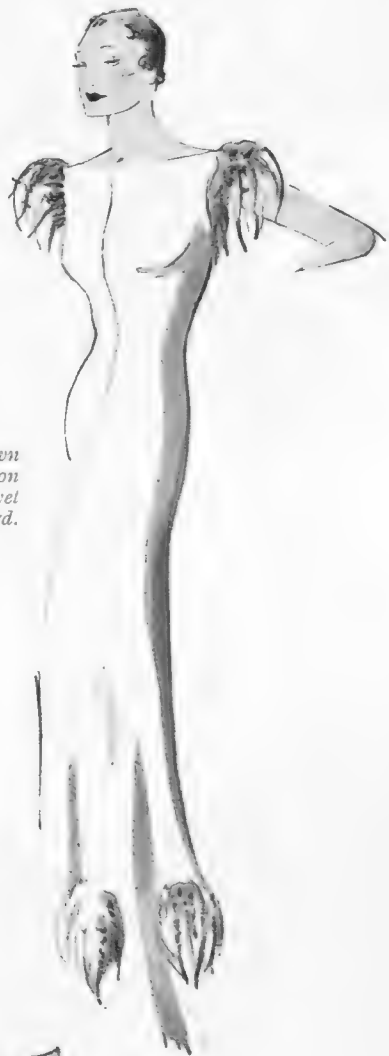
Early Autumn

Unusual neck-line, blue ribbon threaded through beige scallops. Chanel.

Light-weight beige and brown striped wool coat with a soft, fluffy surface. Jaeger.



Huge metal hairpin (about five inches) to keep your woollen hat in place. H. J. Nicoll.



Mottled rust-brown coq's-feather pads on a simple maize velvet gown. Augustabernard.

Blue wool coat and skirt fastened with brown crêpe bows. Matita from Fenwick.

Lovely dark-blue velvet coat and skirt with scarlet peau d'ange blouse. White House.

Scarf of brown and beige velvet, beige velvet béret and brown velvet gloves. Richard Sands.

Summer Engagements: Autumn Weddings

Claude Harris

The Lady Susan Egerton

Bassano

Miss Patricia Norbury

Pearl Freeman

Miss Audrey Baring

Lady Susan Egerton, the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere's fourth daughter, is engaged to **Mr. John Askew Robertson:** they will be married at Holy Trinity, Melrose, on Oct. 4th

Miss Patricia Norbury, the daughter of Major P. F. Norbury, D.S.O., and the **Hon. Richard Erskine,** Lord Erskine's younger son, will also be married next month

Miss Audrey Baring, Lady Ulrica Baring's second daughter, announced her engagement last month to **Capt. Charles Richmond-Brown,** Welsh Guards

The **Hon. Irene Dewar** is the daughter of the late Lord Forteviot; she is engaged to **Mr. Hugh Dewhurst,** the younger son of Captain and Mrs. Gerard Powys Dewhurst

Miss Anne Gilmour, engaged to **Mr. Eustace Mordaunt,** Mr. Herald Mordaunt's son, is the only daughter of the late Mr. Alastair Gilmour and of Mrs. Ernald Warre

Miss Patricia Seymour, the only daughter of Lord and Lady George Seymour, is engaged to **Mr. Emmanuel Casdagli,** son of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Casdagli, of Cairo

Miss Penelope Portman, the only daughter of the Hon. Gerald Portman, is engaged to **Capt. Archer Clive,** Grenadier Guards, Lt.-Gen. Sir Sidney and Lady Clive's son

Miss Madeleine Ebel, who is engaged to the **Hon. John Bingham,** only son of Lord Clanmorris, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clement Ebel, of Massetts Place, Sussex

Lenare

The Hon. Irene Dewar

Lenare

Miss Anne Gilmour

Bassano

Miss Patricia Seymour

Lenare

Miss Penelope Portman

Lafayette

Miss Madeleine Ebel

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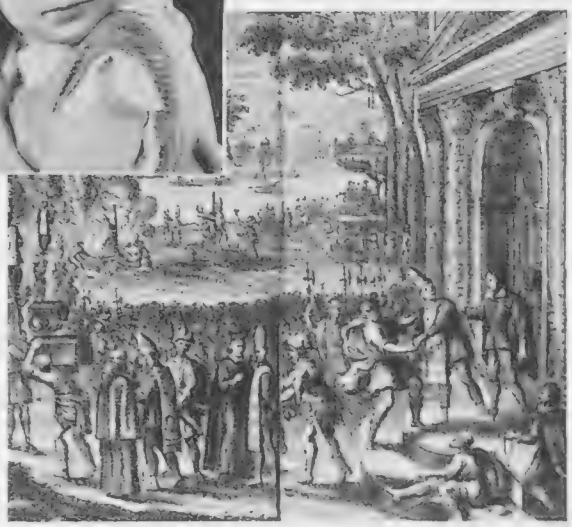
"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Excitement "Below Bridges"

By A. G. Macdonell

Miss Helen Simpson, with her daughter, Clemence, named after Clemence Dane, is the wife of Mr. Denis Browne, the surgeon, and, like her husband, of Australian origin. Her new novel, "The Woman on the Beast," met with an enthusiastic reception



An old engraving showing an Inquisitorial procession at Goa, in the sixteenth century, which was the actual inspiration of Miss Simpson's story

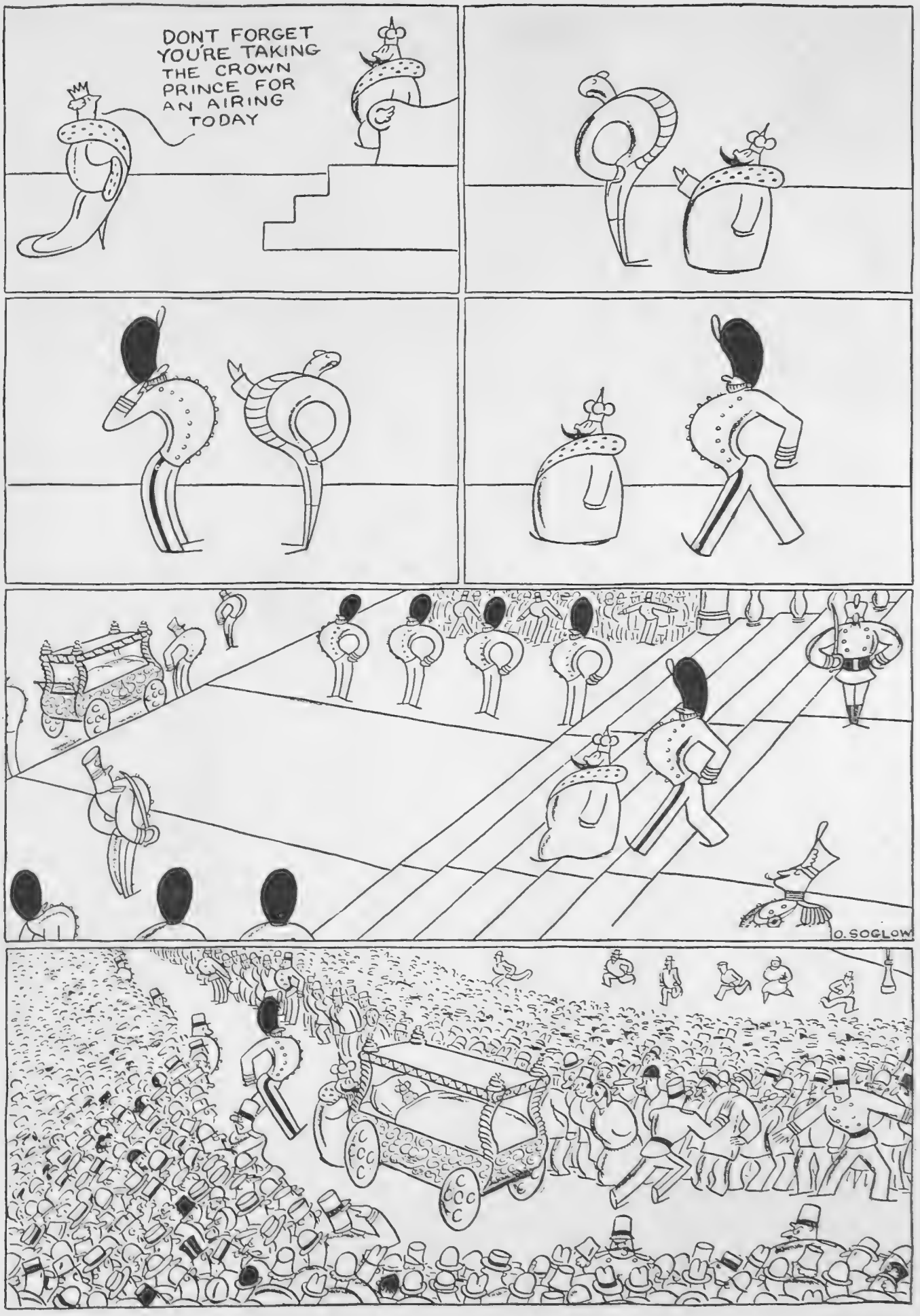
If you want a book about the East-End of London that combines a dash of Conrad with a flavour of W. W. Jacobs, and is mercifully free from the mild Orientalism of Mr. Thomas Burke, then your man is Mr. Peter Belloc. His book, *Below Bridges* (Constable; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is absorbingly exciting. In the first place, it is quite obviously written from first-hand experience. Mr. Belloc knows his Victoria Dock Road and his riverside hostelries and his technical terms of the sea. There is nothing spurious about his descriptions of sailing-ships in storms in the China Seas. He may never have sailed in the China Seas; that I do not know. But he clearly knows a main-t'ga'antm'st (which I take to be a nautical variation of what I would call a main-top-gallant-mast) from an overhaul bunt-line. In the second place, Mr. Belloc has a crisp and clear style of writing English. He does not say to himself every twenty-five pages or so: "By thunder, now 's the time for a spot of fine, purple descriptive stuff!" He keeps to the straight and vigorous way. And in the third place his stories are desperately exciting. The tale of the buck-nigger and his Domino Club, and how they murdered the trembling landlord of the Domino House is a blood-curdling yarn. Blood-curdling, indeed, is the mot juste, for Jacko, the negro, and his friends cut the landlord's throat and drained his blood off into a pail, and used it to paint an inscription on the street-wall. Then there is the story of the vindictive ship's-mate who chained a seaman in the bilge of the ship until he was almost flayed alive by rats. The mate was found afterwards with his head battered in with a length of gas-piping. Fierce, primitive stuff? Yes, but thrilling to read. There are red corpuscles on every page, and that is always a relief in these days of genteel anæmia which has assailed so many of our younger novelists. Mr. Belloc gives me the impression that he must be an extremely useful young man in a brawl in, say, the West India Dock Road, and I am sure he would gladly and efficiently (speaking purely without prejudice, of course) "brick" the plate-glass windows of any pub which displeased him, and tell you where to buy knuckle-dusters.

Miss Marguerite Steen opens her new novel, *Spider* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), with a positive tour-de-force of descriptive writing. This is her gambit. An elderly composer named Richard Adam, after a longish life of poverty, mistresses, art—in fact, all the traditional paraphernalia of the Latin Quarter, was seized and married by a hard, cold, Junoesque, determined woman of thirty-eight. Richard had been left a gigantic fortune by the last and most desiccated of the mistresses, and the relentless Jacoba made it her life's work to protect the genius and his fortune. A few years later, the genius died, and Jacoba turned all her irresistible will-power to the creation of an Adam legend. She built a gigantic Galerie Adam, which was to eclipse Wagner's Baireuth; she held a Festival every year, to which the musical world was invited—an invitation became a Royal Command; she scoured Europe for documents that might suggest that any other person but herself had ever inspired the Maestro to write a single line, and when she had found any such documents, she ruthlessly burnt them. Gradually, Jacoba built more than a palace with a Versailles-like orangery; she built a Legend.

So far *Spider* is a brilliant piece of writing. Then the human element comes in. Dendy, an English-educated granddaughter of Richard and Jacoba, arrives to live with her hard old grandmother; and the rest of the book ought to be a conflict between the fearless young girl and the hideous, monstrous Legend that is strangling everyone. But somehow the conflict fails to materialise, except in an occasional skirmish or two, and the old lady really begins to get a little bit thick. The macabre quality is laid on so heavily that one ends by simply refusing to believe in her existence. She becomes impossible. Gradually, *Spider* sinks into a long, slow fall, and the end arrives with nothing settled except that the Festival is to be turned into a limited company. Really, the technical construction of most modern novels would make Arnold Bennett very unhappy. Miss Steen can certainly write. But *Spider* has no form.

The great Napoleon loved two women during his life, and only one of them loved him. Josephine was bewildered by his ardour, dazzled by his stream of brilliant victories, flattered by her new titles, and enchanted with her new money. But she never loved him. Over and over again she was unfaithful to him. The other woman, Marie Walewska, loved him. It is a strange, romantic tale that Mr. R. McNair Wilson tells in his *Napoleon's Love Story* (Davies; 10*s.* 6*d.*). In 1807 Poland was the key to European politics. Napoleon wanted to make a strong, independent Polish ally without annoying his new friend, the Tsar; Poland was wildly keen upon independence; the Tsar was determined she should not get it. The decision lay with Napoleon. The Poles tried every means of persuasion. At last they went to the golden-haired Countess Walewska, who had attracted the Emperor's admiration, and told her bluntly that it was her patriotic duty to become his mistress and use her position on behalf of her country. Marie, passionately in love with Napoleon already, at first refused. Immense pressure was brought to bear on her, and at last she gave in. But the politicians were sold, after all. They had not reckoned on Marie falling in love with Napoleon, and the latter easily convinced his mistress that the Franco-Russian defeat of England must come first, and an independent Poland must follow later. The Treaty with the Tsar at Tilsit showed the Poles that their trump Queen had been over-trumped. Mr. McNair Wilson's fascinating book is well-documented.

"Freeman of Stamboul" (Gollancz; 18*s.*) is the singular life-story of Professor Bernard Freeman. It is probably my fault, but I confess I have scoured the whole 414 pages without discovering in what subject, or at what University, Mr. Freeman held his Professorial chair. The only reference I could find was on page 318, where these words occur: "I had been giving a few travel lectures, as Professor Freeman, a title which I found it convenient to use." If this is really the sum total of the gentleman's claim to academic distinction, I should have thought that a couple of brace of inverted commas on the title-page might not have been out of place. Again, the title is rather odd. One has heard of "Lawrence of Arabia," or "Gordon of Khartoum," and it comes as a bit of a surprise to find that "Freeman of Stamboul's" connection with that ancient city appears to have come to an end for ever when he was thirteen years of age.



BY SOGLOW

Here He Is Again!

Forty competitors took part in the play for the One-Armed Golfers' Championship, and on the left are some of the players who competed over the Royal Burgess Championship Course, at Barnton, Edinburgh. The player in shorts, with pipe and hat, seen centre, is Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Balfour Paul, D.S.O., and on his right, in crested blazer, is V. S. Thornton

Some Competitors in the British One-Armed Golf Championship

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The English Golf Union Again

I HAVE received a letter from a friend of mine who is a good golfer and who is a very sound judge of the game. He writes to me obviously in the heat of the moment: for this reason, much as I should like to, I cannot print his letter precisely as he wrote it, and before I give you the gist of it I had perhaps better explain the circumstances.

My friend has evidently been suffering from a pleasant delusion, which he himself admits has just been shattered. You see, he was under the impression that the English Golf Union was not taken seriously by any responsible person or body. My readers know by this time what I, personally, think about any of the Unions—English, Irish, Scottish or Welsh: they know that, as an individual, I consider the mere existence of such Unions a sheer insult to the intelligence of all golfers, but that, as a journalist, I welcome their existence for the amount of "copy" which they give me. All those who read this page regularly will also know my very definite opinion on the subject of the latest edict, that which has revised the scratch scores of all the links in England. Of all the stupid things for which the English Golf Union has been responsible, this, I think, is the most stupid, because it tends to be suicidal. But listen to what my friend, John Craigie, has to say about it:

H. Vivian Smith and Captain C. G. B. Stevens, finalists in the Jubilee Golf Tournament at St. Andrews. The latter won by 2 and 1

"I was horrified, on entering a famous golf club of which I am a member, to read on the notice board: 'It is notified for information that the English Golf Union has revised the Scratch Score for the course and fixed it at 75.' What is this redundant and self-appointed body? Why do clubs have anything to do with it? Imagine such a notice at St. George's or at Woking! I see in the Union's circular: 'An essential qualification' to be 'a recognised golf club' is its affiliation to the English Golf Union. Woking, not being affiliated, is, I suppose, not a recognised golf club. What utter tripe!

"On arriving at the club where this notice was posted a protest was immediately placed in the Suggestion Book: this was signed by some twenty-six members—some of them bearing names illustrious in golf—before going to the Committee. The reply was that the club became affiliated in 1926. Is this any earthly reason why it should be dictated to as to what its scratch score is, etcetera?

"THE English Golf Union's circular is well worth reading as a good example of drivel. Now the English Golf Union has sent this circular to very few people, and consequently even fewer people have read it. This is extremely fortunate for the Union, for had the circular been broadcast to golfers in general the Union must have ceased to exist. Everybody was perfectly happy with the Royal and Ancient in the old days, and it seems to me that the English Golf Union has come along and tried to interfere with everything.

"Sorry for this outburst—but really!"

NOW, with all due respect to John Craigie, I must admit that, had I received this letter out of the blue, so to speak, I would probably have answered it personally, but taken no steps to publish it. My reason for this inaction would have been the perfectly good one that it is a little too violent to bear the stamp of a considered opinion. But it so happens that this is but one of many letters which I have received on the subject, and it deals somewhat trenchantly with a matter which I know is worrying a great many golfers at the present time. I have been engaged in conversation on this subject with many of my acquaintances since I wrote my first article about it all, and I hope I will be forgiven when I say that I appear to have struck the right nail on the head in that article. The subject is definitely one of importance to golfers, and it has aroused more ire against the English Golf Union than any of the somewhat senseless regulations of which the Union has previously been guilty. This is not surprising, for this particular edict commits the unforgivable sin: it interferes with the golfer who is the backbone of all golf and all clubs in this country—indeed, in any country—the long-handicap player. To a scratch golfer it frankly doesn't matter two hoots what his handicap is provided it is somewhere near scratch. Obviously, if one can believe, in view of its record, that the English Golf Union is sincere, one must look for a desire for some improvement in the standard of golf in this country as a justification for the edict. I suppose that the English Golf Union decided that if a scratch player suddenly found himself no longer scratch, he would resent this insult sufficiently to strive his utmost to improve his play.

This is, of course, entirely contrary to the feelings of most scratch players. It frankly does not matter to them whether they are called scratch or not, but it does matter frightfully to (*a*) the man who is struggling to remain in single figures against the ever-increasing handicap of weight and/or age, and (*b*) the man who has never been much good, but has, perhaps after a lifetime of suffering, at last achieved the immense triumph of leaving the rough waters of eighteen for the comparatively smooth sea of sixteen. In other words, what the English Golf Union has succeeded in doing is what it should have striven to avoid. The Union has infuriated by far the largest class of golfers in the world, that very class which it should have done everything in its power to coerce towards supporting it. One simply cannot get away from it—the English Golf Union has been guilty of the most crass stupidity. I cannot better finish this article than by asking the English Golf Union a question: Why can't it leave alone the handicap golfer—the backbone of golf and the clubs—to enjoy his golf?

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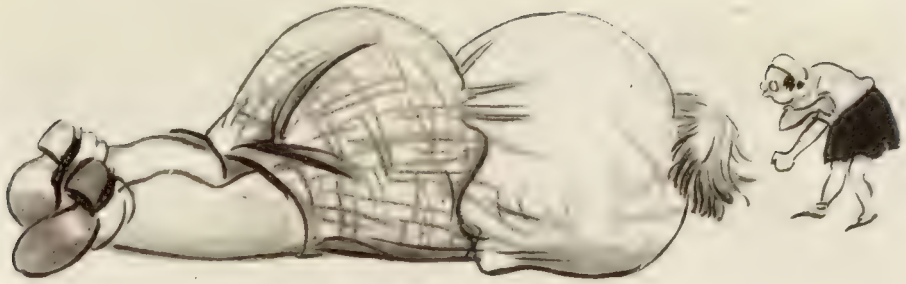


Miss Bentley had the proud distinction of putting out the greatest of all girl golfers — Miss Ramsay

Miss Jessie Anderson (Craigie Hill), daughter of the Scottish professional, driving during her match with Miss Pamela Shand (Derbyshire)

Miss Pam Barton (West Middlesex), who beat Miss Bentley (Olton) by 7 and 5

"The Bystander's"

Girls' Open Golf Championship

Chapter One: By Eleanor E. Helme

Caricatures by H. H. Harris

DEAR BYSTANDER,

A THOUSAND curses on press day, which means that the final of THE BYSTANDER Girls' Championship must wait for description till next week! Not that there is lacking any amount of fine golf and dramatic incidents to tell you about, only I should like to know whether the Cup will cross the Border with Miss Jessie Anderson, or go to Warwickshire with Miss Enid Pears. Either will be a thoroughly worthy champion.

I am inclined to think that the general standard this year has been just a trifle higher than any before. I am not forgetting the wonderful figures of Miss Anderson and Miss de Gunzbourg last year, nor of Miss Diana Fishwick in her day. I am speaking more of the general level of excellence. It is not a case of one or two players of overwhelming attainment. So many of the girls hit the ball with a really workmanlike style, and, high as was the standard of the four prize-winners, I should like to start by paying high tribute to the play of the rank and file, many of them really long handicaps. Such were Miss Mulcaster, Miss Urie and Miss Hayes, who bravely ventured, took the famous players farther than they would have believed possible, and only wilted, perhaps, at the last as the result of some injudicious enquiry as to what was their opponent's handicap. To be yourself a twenty, hanging bravely on to the skirts of a two, and suddenly to discover the real position, might certainly be disconcerting.

SURPRISES are what make a championship; the other ingredient for a successful mixture being plenty of good players. Those who suggest that neither the very low nor the very high handicaps ought to come to such events are both, therefore, fundamentally wrong. By no means always has the accredited player survived at Stoke. Many a reputation has been made there by an unknown. In the very first round it was Miss Patience Low, from Aberdovey, giving a sound trouncing to Miss Beryl Pockett, that player having a complete day off, although, really, Robson has improved her golf enormously in the last few months. There was the excellent style of Miss Peggy Falkner in the match behind, the really immense hitting of Miss Joan Negretti, also of Worplesdon, in the match behind again. For this fourteen-year-old was steadily outdriving Miss de Gunzbourg, and actually took that famous player to the seventeenth hole. Miss Jean Hayes, another newcomer, won the next match, and here, again, was

Mackintosh trousers or not? Miss Anderson dealt firmly with Miss Shand and her mackintosh trousers

An impression of Miss Aline de Gunzbourg, who pinned her faith to the old-fashioned skirt despite the temptation of bunker bags as worn by her opponent, Miss Joan E. Negretti

Miss Mary Mulcaster (Crewe) and Miss Shena Urie (Turnberry). The latter won her second-round match against Miss Waveney Beesley (Moor Park) at the nineteenth

Miss Enid Pears (Walmley), Miss Jean Hayes (Moseley), Miss Beryl Pockett (Worthing), beaten in the first round by Miss Patience Low (Aberdovey) and Miss Jessie Anderson (Craigie Hill), who won her first-round match by 9 and 8 and eventually won the whole event

Miss Waveney Beesley a of Moor Park, two siste pionship. The latter l Miss Flora Morris by t

a comparative beginner with a most pleasing swing. There was attraction, too, in the golf of Miss Fiona Morris, who pulled a great match out of the fire against Miss Laurien Beesley. Miss Pam Barton, Miss Bentley, Miss Lulu Esmond and Miss Jessie Anderson survived that round as they deserved to do.

THE afternoon started with one of the bravest efforts of the week, Miss Shena Urie's nineteenth-hole win after Miss Waveney Beesley had been dormy 2 on her, a performance for which it was well worth having come down all the way from Turnberry. There was plenty of pluck, too, in the next match on the part of Miss Marian Windele, who managed to take Miss Enid Pears to the fourteenth green, and on that of Miss Pears who might easily have been disconcerted at finding herself outdriven by this unknown opponent, to whom she would have been giving a whole handful of strokes if the match had been under handicap. Miss Pears undoubtedly has a very good golfing temperament. So has Miss Mulcaster, who was not one whit dismayed at Miss Low's achievement of the morning and, in turn, sprang a surprise by beating her, 3 and 1. Then Miss Hayes was a most courageous loser to Miss de Gunzbourg. The Misses Barton won comfortably; so did Miss Burles. Miss Anderson's 5 and 3 win also suggested comfort, but it was only bought at the price of playing really first-class golf, since her opponent was Miss Lulu Esmond. Though the latter did not do herself justice, Miss Anderson certainly did, for she went out in 38, and though only turning one up, she won by 5 and 3, because she took the remaining holes in level fours.

I SUPPOSE I ought to have reminded you that it was wet on the first morning, hence the waterproof trousers which caused

Miss W. Beesley, being taken to the nineteenth by a large girlie—Miss Shena Urie

Miss L. Beesley choking the club-head with her plait-swing

Miss Anderson seen doing a little sky-work

iss Laurien Beesley, both mpeting in the Cham- first-round match to after a great fight

Miss Pamela Shand (Derbyshire), a victim of Miss Jessie Anderson's in the first round by no less than 9 and 8, and Miss Betty Wyatt, who lost to Miss Jean Burles (Aberdovey) by 5 and 4

Miss Diana Fishwick, an ex-champion, talking to Miss Grace Amory (U.S.A.) and Miss Aline de Gunzbourg (St. Cloud, France). The latter got through two rounds with comparative ease

such a flutter amongst the Press and such disapproval from fellow-competitors. By the afternoon it was fine, and the second morning was as beautiful as heart could desire, with a refreshing nip in the air almost suggestive of Scotland. It could not help Miss Urie to beat Miss Enid Pears, but then that excellent golfer steered a way much more devoid of bunkers, and finishing much nearer to the pin. Nor could Miss Mulcaster really hold Miss de Gunzbourg, though she played a very plucky game, and Miss Burles could not cope with Miss Anderson's continued exalted standard. The only real excitement of the morning, therefore, was which Miss Barton would win. Miss Mervyn, the elder, turned 2 up, but Miss Pam refused to bow to the prestige of years, and was up for the first time at the nineteenth, which she took in a fine 4.

THE top semi-final was distressing, because it really makes one ache mentally to see a first-class player, such as Miss de Gunzbourg undoubtedly is, playing second-class golf, which she equally undoubtedly did. On the other hand, the way Miss Pears seized on her chances was simply admirable. She had the French player fairly and squarely beaten from the very start. She may not be the better golfer, but she played the better golf.

THERE was nothing decisive about Miss Jessie Anderson's 2 and 1 win from Miss Pam Barton, and I really doubt if the final can give us better golf. They riposted brilliant shots one against the other; Miss Barton was out in 39 and turned one up: Miss Anderson took the next eight holes in 33, was up for the first time at the fourteenth, squared at the next hole, but won with a very clever four at the seventeenth.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME

Miss Windeler and Miss Pears played so many strokes at one hole that it would have been better to have called it a half, or, better still, to have started all over again

Miss Morris, the youngest challenger for the title, was only too ready to strike at anything and everything on the course at the slightest provocation

Sport with the

Not what you think! Primo Carnera (left) is not engaged in deadly combat with Max Baer. This meeting was only for the purpose of making a film, in which, however, the boxers were sometimes more than playful. It is rumoured that a real fight may be staged later

PORING over my dictionary, I select a somewhat battered, shop-soiled word, and, giving it a perfunctory flick with my duster, declare that the pageant of winter sport is about to begin. The pageant of winter sport—well, perhaps that will do, though I 'm not sure that there is much pageantry about the pilgrimages many of us will be making during the next few months.

I am thinking now of organised sport: of the football matches we shall see, alas!; that journey through the Twickenham bottle-neck, that jam along the road to Wembley; of the big fights we shall attend. Have you ever followed boxing to its source, to the smaller halls of London: the Ring, the Hoxton Baths; to the provinces—Cardiff, Leicester, Newcastle, Manchester—where the local boys sharpen their claws before they do battle under the arc-lamps of the White City, Olympia, or the Albert Hall?

MAYBE it is all rather exciting. As I write about it I can hear the roar of the crowd, and see the champions moving across

Miss P. B. Powell, a competitor in the Junior Lawn-Tennis Championships, seen doing her duty by umpiring a match when not herself playing. A duty sometimes forgotten by more elderly players at tournaments

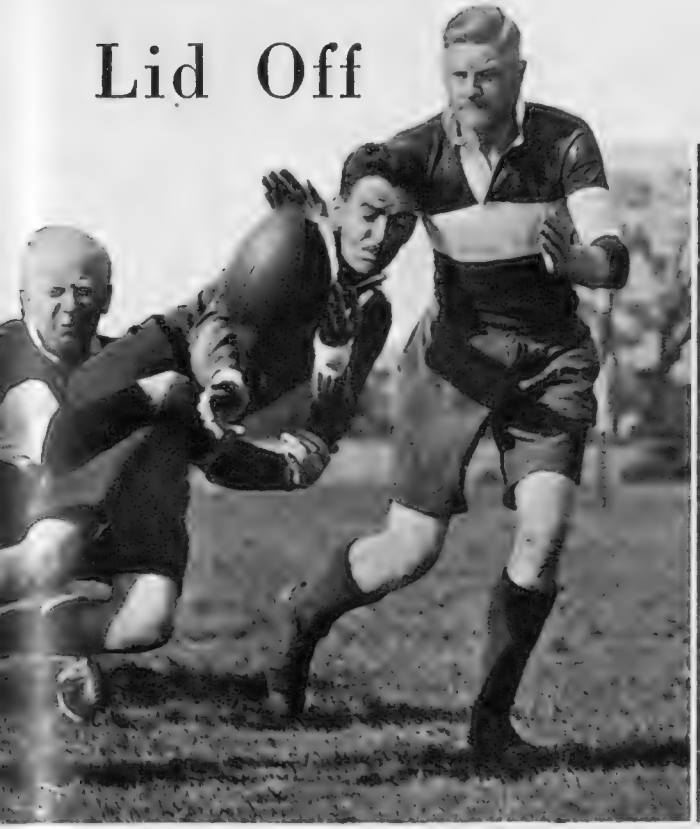
Miss Betty Batt and Miss R. Jarvis, the finalists in the Middlesex Junior Lawn-Tennis Championships at Harrow. The former won and secured the title. Both these competitors also played in the Junior Championships at Wimbledon. The former beat Miss Ogilvie and the latter Miss Brace, to enter the last eight

Miss Helen Hicks, of New York, and Miss Virginia Van Wie, of Chicago, who met in the final of the Women's National Golf Championship of America, at Highland Park, Ill. The latter won and secures the trophy held between them in the picture

Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"



Regardless of a rock-like ground, enthusiastic players representing London Welsh and Osterly played their match in blazing sunshine. The picture above shows a London Welshman being tackled just as he made his pass

Miss Mary Whitmarsh, a promising player, who won the Surrey Junior Lawn-Tennis Championship for the fourth year in succession, thus creating a record, shaking hands with Miss R. Ogilvy, seen on the right

the green turf, or padding round the canvas square, or even in these days the no uncommon sight of heavy-weights lying recumbent upon the boards. It pleases me better, I must admit, to think of men in the fields, with guns or fishing-rods or horses; or men at sea in small boats, taking the chances which come their way without the doubtful stimulus of publicity. Still, organised sport has its merits, provided we regard it purely as a spectacle.

To that extent I applaud Cochet's decision to turn professional, and he will certainly be doing a service to sport if he continues to debunk lawn tennis as an amateur game. There are lawn-tennis amateurs, but there are also professionals who masquerade as amateurs, and I hope Cochet's action may force some sort of crisis in the lawn-tennis world. I gather that the English tennis pundits are in two minds about it all, and that one party favours the system of open tournaments,

(*Continued on page 546*)

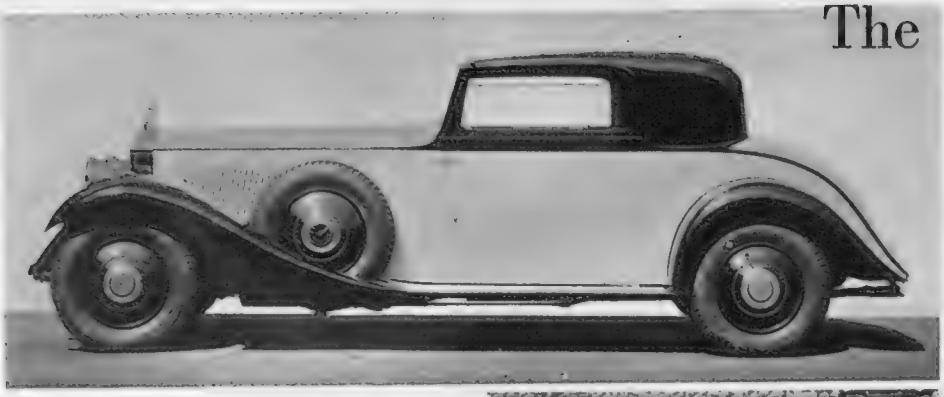
Mr. Stephen "Laddie" Sanford, the wealthy American International Polo player seen with his bride, Miss Mary Duncan, the stage and film beauty, a photograph taken while they were on honeymoon at Great Neck, Long Island

Frank Shields, outed in the semi-final round of the Men's American Lawn-Tennis Championship by F. R. Crawford, and Frankie Parker, a young American player of great promise. This pair beat Vines and Gledhill in the Men's Doubles. Shields was tipped to win the men's singles by many judges

The "penny-farthing" on the track, ridden by Mr. M. H. Hill (N.C.U.), aged sixty-nine, and the oldest competitor in the N.C.U.'s Twenty-first meeting of Champions at Herne Hill

The Earl of Cardigan on Motoring

New Cars which make Motoring History



This 40-50-h.p. Continental type Rolls-Royce belongs to Mr. Peek, of Bournemouth. The coachwork is by Hooper's, the colours ivory and black, and the upholstery is in green leather, with curl walnut woodwork

Captain J. B. Black, the managing director of the Standard Motor Company, Ltd., with an advance model of the 1934 Standard

As the last few weeks prior to the Motor Show go by, and as each new series of 1934 cars is announced, one is tempted to speculate as to which, if any, of these much-lauded models is likely to make permanent motoring history. In a sense, of course, history is being made continuously—each new car making a slight advance towards the goal of ideal efficiency. Here and there, however, one is sometimes able to distinguish an individual machine representing so striking an improvement over all earlier types as to form a distinct land-mark in the steady march of evolution.

There are a few examples which must come readily to the mind of every motorist. The first effective six-cylinder car surely made history, establishing a standard of smooth running such as had not formerly been dreamed of. The first thoroughly efficient light car must have done likewise, proving the genuine utility of motoring to all classes of the community. We may quote also the first popular car to be fitted with four-wheel brakes, finally conquering three parts of the skidding menace, and providing a degree of controllability which drivers had never known before.

Coming to more recent times, I suggest that the first car fitted with a four-speed, fully "crash-proof" gear-box was a real maker of history, freeing the non-mechanically-minded driver from what had hitherto been a source of difficulty and embarrassment. What next? Which car is destined to take us yet another stage forward in motoring development?

It is easier to pose such a question than to answer it intelligently. Personally, I am inclined to look for the first car which will bring to fruition the many experiments now being made with oil fuel. The Diesel engine has, of course, been known and respected in other spheres for a great many years. Diesel-engined lorries are now running on our roads in considerable numbers. A Diesel-engined car did extraordinarily well in the recent Monte Carlo Rally. It is reasonable to suppose that we shall not have to wait very long before seeing the oil-driven "family" car being offered to the general public.

The great—in fact, the overwhelming—merit of the Diesel engine is the fact that its running costs are infinitesimal as compared with those of any petrol-driven unit of equivalent size. Naturally, our thoughtful and paternal Government can correct this state of affairs at any moment, merely by placing a huge tax on oil fuel; but, for the time being, the economy of the oil engine remains its most striking asset.

My own experience of oil fuel is, I am sorry to say, very small. True, I did once turn up at my then office in Regent Street at the wheel of a five-ton Diesel-engined lorry—but this was some few years ago. The engine of this vehicle, I remember, although amply powerful, was somewhat lacking in flexibility, and reluctant to "tick over" at low speed, the result being that the gear-lever had to be used rather freely, and with some ingenuity. I am told, however, that, just recently, very great advances have been made, so that there are now few respects in which oil fuel is perceptibly inferior to petrol.

Shall we, I wonder, see an oil-engined car at Olympia this year? It seems quite possible; and, if so, I can most strongly recommend every far-sighted motorist to make a careful study of it.

There are, of course, other directions in which a striking advance may be made towards the motoring millennium. At any time, we may see a revision of the present system which dictates that the engine of a motor-car be placed as far as possible from the driven wheels. After all, it *is* somewhat absurd that perhaps a six-foot length of transmission shafting should be required to connect the source of power, built into the extreme front of a modern chassis, with the distant back-axle, where the power is finally utilised.

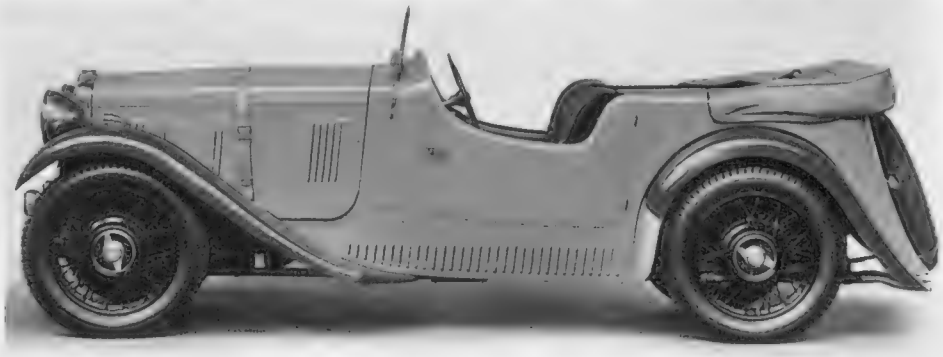
In the past, as we all know, many attempts have been made to remedy this incongruity. Some have been partially successful. None, however, has achieved permanent success, inasmuch as the average man still prefers, rightly or wrongly, to adhere to the old-fashioned arrangement. He has seen cars having their engines behind, and other cars having their driven axles in front. Somehow, neither type has proved quite convincing to him.

I myself must admit to being somewhat dubious as to the merits of a front-wheel drive. I am well aware that good results can be obtained from such a system, but I cannot help feeling uncertain as to the wisdom of crowding transmission, braking, and steering mechanism all on to a single axle. At best, accessibility is bound to be sacrificed.

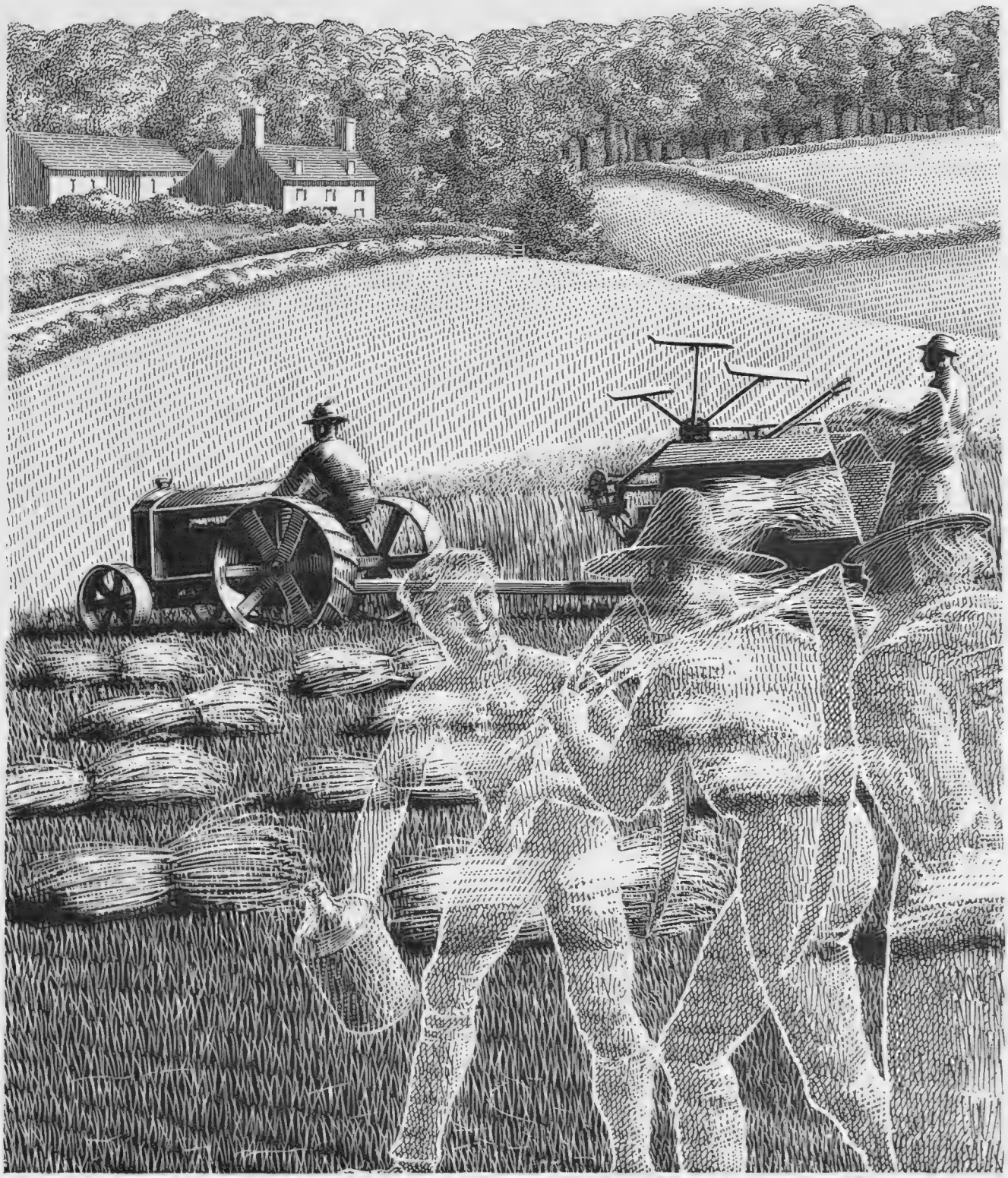
On the other hand, there seems to be an excellent case to be made out for carrying the engine at the back. The only objection that I see is that the long frontal bonnet, beloved of many motorists, finds no place in the rear-engined car's design. From the practical point of view, this is really a blessing, since a much greater amount of space is available for coachwork. Also, it becomes possible for all passengers to be seated within the car's wheelbase, whereby very much improved springing is assured. At present, even in the most luxurious cars, the chauffeur has easily the best position, while the owner and his wife have very much the worst!

Moreover, it is quite wrong to imagine, as many do, that a rear-engined car must necessarily have ugly "lines." Nothing can be more graceful than a true streamline form—I say *true* streamlining, as opposed to the bogus variety which is favoured by many coachbuilders of the baser sort—and a car with its engine in rear lends itself very readily to this ideal shaping. At present, most cars, if suitably geared, would actually achieve their highest speeds when travelling backward!

To change a popular prejudice, such as that in favour of the conventional bonnet, is, of course, a matter of immense difficulty. The rear-engined car, now barely in existence, cannot hope to achieve such a feat in a moment. Here, however, we see another possibility of motoring history being made—although, presumably, not in the immediate future.



Another 1934 model is this Morris "Ten-Six" Sports tourer. Like all the Morris cars for 1934, it is fitted with a gear-box of the synchro-mesh type



Where the long rows of scythes once flashed in the autumn sun—the tractor's hum now fills the afternoon. But still—as in the old days—it's the same cream of the barley that goes to the making of Johnnie Walker. Still the same careful blending. Still the same long maturing. Today—as in 1820—

JOHNNIE WALKER *is Still going Strong*

Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 543)

while the other shies violently from any such association with the professional game. Clearly, open tournaments will have to come; first-class lawn tennis is a spectacle pure and simple, and public opinion demands that men like Cochet and Vincent Richards and Tilden should be free to challenge the leading amateurs. And public opinion will win in the long run. After all, in golf and cricket the professional plays alongside the amateur, and lawn tennis can no longer stand aloof.

RUGBY football is the one major sport where the dividing-line between the paid and the unpaid player will always be sharply defined, though the Rugby Unionist bears the Northern Unionist no ill-will. Indeed, as the most fanatical of Rugby Unionists myself, I am nevertheless glad to record that the public try-out of Rugby League football under the White City floodlights was a great success. There should be a big following for the professional game in London, particularly if the London Highfield Club can continue to play such attractive football. There is no doubt that the floodlights are extremely effective, and the Rugby League game is spectacular and full of interest.

IT is a different game, that is all, with the emphasis laid upon the spectators rather than the players. Here, though, I must warn those Rugby footballers who are flirting with the idea of turning professional that the Rugby Union are watching them closely. At the beginning of every season some Rugby Unionists go north and play in trial matches with the Rugby League under assumed names. If they are successful, they are offered jobs, and we hear of another League capture. If they fail, they return to play for their Rugby clubs, though they are guilty of a most serious breach of the laws, and have, in effect, become professionals. The Twickenham authorities have heard of this practice, and if it continues there will be a first-rate sensation in the Rugby world, a sensation which is long overdue, as anyone who knows the Rugby ropes will understand.

AND while we are talking about football, there is a minor bother taking place in the Association world, for the English authorities have fixed up an International match with France, and the Italians, Austrians, and Spaniards are duly aggrieved. What have the Frenchmen done, they demand, to deserve this honour? It is still, incidentally, an honour to play England at Association football.

France, after all, are comparative newcomers to the professional code, whereas Italy, Austria, and Spain have proved their mettle. I understand that on the Continent they would like a kind of glorified knock-out International competition, but the fact is that over here we have not time for such frivolities. Cup-ties mean far more in England than International matches, and it would dislocate our already overcrowded season if we had to put International teams into the field too often.

More Competitors at "The Bystander's" Girls' Championship

Left: Miss Jean Hayes, well protected against the weather, who fell a victim to Miss de Gunzbourg in the second round, and (right) Miss Lulu Esmond, also beaten in the second round, by the ultimate winner, Miss Anderson

Flying Notes

Preparing for Air-Raids

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Left: Mr. Geoffrey Paul de Havilland and his bride, Miss Gwendoline Alexander, photographed at Stag Lane Aerodrome, just before they left for their honeymoon in their Puss-Moth

WHEN one reads of the typical Teutonic thoroughness with which the recent Air Defence Week was organised and carried out in Germany, one cannot help wondering whether such preparations for an obviously anticipated war on civilians are not likely to do more harm than good. Will Hitler instil such a fear into the hearts of the people that the result will be blind panic when "Der Tag" comes, or will familiarity breed a contempt that will enable people to treat an air-raid with the indifference shown to such affairs by many big towns within striking distance of the "lines" during the last war?

If gas is to be used, the case is no longer comparable, for such a raid may well prove to be nothing less than a ghastly massacre of non-combatants. Hitler evidently expects gas to be used, and in that case he may be well advised to prepare the civil population for what may be in store for them. Indeed, Germany seems to be the only place where the air-raid question is being treated with any degree of thoroughness, although France has dabbled in it. Gas-proof cellars have been displayed, and it is rumoured that such compartments may be insisted upon in new buildings in the future. People have also been made acquainted with the appearance of bombs, which have been exhibited in the streets.

One gathers that these proceedings have been carried out by the German Air Defence League, with the co-operation of the German Air Ministry, and the disinterest with which the authorities in this country have regarded the whole thing is typical of them; it is disturbing, to say the least of it. One can understand their desire to avoid a war-scare atmosphere, yet the risk of this may be worth while if the alternative is to leave the public in complete ignorance of simple precautionary measures that might be the means of saving many lives should another war occur.

No doubt the recently reorganised and revitalised Air League of the British Empire, now under the administration of Lord Mottistone (better known as Jack Seely), the Chairman, and Air-Commodore J. A. Chamier, the Secretary-General, is watching affairs on the other side of the North Sea with interest, but whether it is yet sufficiently powerful to follow the lead set by its German opposite number is another matter. The Air League is now receiving a good deal of support from the right people.

A Word of Warning

THE casual way in which some private owners, not to mention air-taxi proprietors, drift about the atmosphere as if the sky were their own has at last produced the inevitable result, and it can hardly be wondered at. After all, if a nation extends to foreign pilots the courtesy of the right to fly over its territory and dominions, the least those pilots can do before going abroad is to make themselves acquainted with the regulations and prohibited areas of the countries concerned.

The latest Air Ministry notice on the subject states that: "On several occasions recently United Kingdom aircraft have infringed regulations when flying over French territory, and pilots are warned that severe measures are likely to be taken in the case of any further infringement. Before proceeding abroad, pilots should make themselves acquainted with the flying regulations in force in the countries to be visited, and, in particular, should avoid infringement of prohibited areas and violation of regulations regarding the altitudes to be maintained in flight over populated areas. Information regarding such regulations is obtainable from the Royal Aero Club, the Automobile Association (Aviation Department), and Edward Stanford and Son (Map Agents), Long Acre, London. The details of specific enactments can be obtained from the Directorate of Civil Aviation, Gwydyr House, Whitehall."

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful : By "Maquillage"

HEALTH OF SKIN AND HAIR.

The Interdependence of Complexion and Scalp, and Some Preparations Which Help to Maintain Both in Perfect Condition

It is not, perhaps, so generally realised as it might be, that the condition of the scalp affects the skin of face and neck, and, if a faulty condition is neglected, may cause serious and widespread skin trouble. I do not suggest that my readers have anything the matter with their scalps, but I am strongly in favour of precautionary methods. Sea-bathing, and even a sojourn by the sea without bathing, shampooing in hard water, or with soaps and powders containing injurious ingredients, may cause dandruff, which is possibly superficial, and free from actual germs, but, if not taken in hand, infection may set in, and a condition known as seborrhea may supervene. This is highly infective, troublesome to cure, and causes the hair to fall out, rashes on the forehead and neck, and all sorts of unpleasantness.

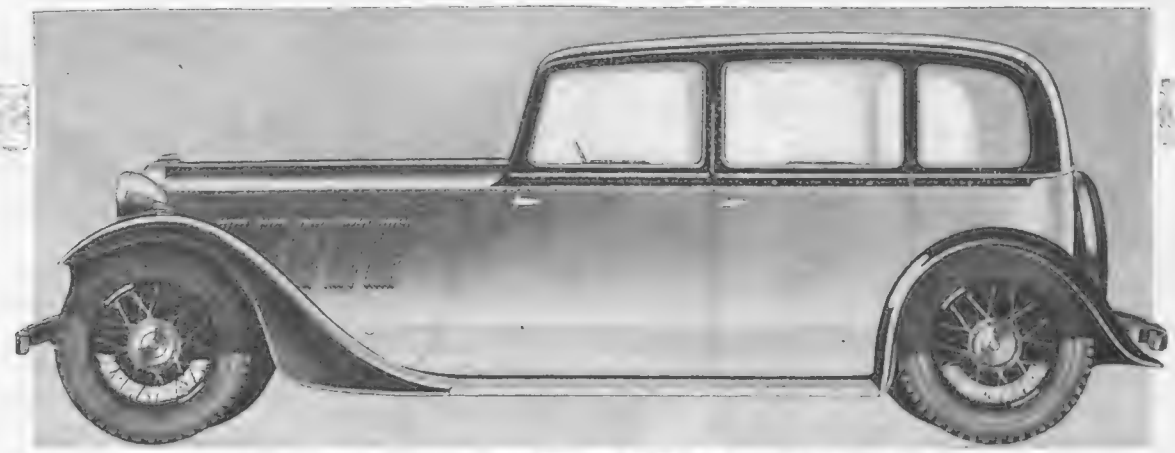
According to the constitution of the skin, dandruff is either dry or moist : in the latter case it clings to the scalp, clogging the pores, and causing the hair to become greasy and lack-lustre. The cure for both types is to keep the scalp and hair scrupulously clean, shampooing *frequently*, and only using perfectly clean combs and brushes. Brisk brushing and massaging the head with the fingers to improve circulation are also helpful. If the scalp is dry, it is a good thing to massage oil well into the roots of the hair before shampooing, as this will soften and loosen dandruff, and assist in its removal by the shampoo.

An excellent shampoo to use in these circumstances, because it is pleasant to use, lathers easily, and is absolutely pure, and therefore can be used as often as desirable without injury to the hair, are the Icilma Wet Shampoo Sachets. They will prevent and remove dandruff, and keep the hair healthy and glossy. Incidentally, they have a distinctive and delicious perfume. They are equally good for dry, normal, or oily hair.

The Icilma Hair Powder for dry shampoos, is an invaluable toilet accessory, especially when the hair gets greasy quickly and for any reason it is not practicable to wash it. The powder should be sprayed into the hair evenly, left a short time (if the hair is very greasy it can remain all night), and then thoroughly brushed out with a clean brush. The powder absorbs and removes all dirt, dust and grease, leaving the hair cleansed and bright, restoring the natural colour, which grease and dirt disguise.

Having thus made sure that the complexion will not be harmed by any affection from the scalp, the use of a good cold-cream for cleansing and nourishing at night, a protective and soothing day-cream, and absolutely pure face-powder, will be all that is required to keep the skin in perfect condition.

Icilma Vanishing and Cold Cream are ideal for these purposes. The Icilma Vanishing Cream is unique, unlike any other vanishing cream I know, because it contains the water from a natural spring in Algeria which has been proved extremely beneficial, and which gives the cream a peculiarly cooling and refreshing effect. Its combined use with the cold cream, containing oils which nourish the skin and keep it clear, supple, and unlined, achieve remarkably satisfactory results in giving a freshness and fairness to the complexion.



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No. 2. (above). Two-hole Tie Shoe in black or brown suède, splendid fitting; Cuban heel. 45/9

No. 3. (above). An excellent fitting Court Shoe in suède, with medium Cuban heel. Black, brown and new steel-grey - - 29/6

No. 4. (above). A model Shoe by "Bally" in suède and calf combination. Black, nigger-brown and new steel-grey 29/6

No. 5. (above). Hand-made Tie Shoe in lizard skin, with leather Cuban heel. In navy, brown, black and new steel-grey - 55/9

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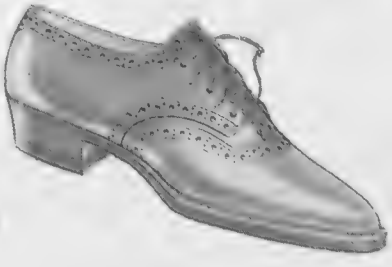
(Centre). Pure silk stocking of good medium weight, with embroidered silk clox. Strengthened lisle foot and hem: perfect fitting and excellent wearing. British make. In French beige, plaza, oak, greige, creole, dust, new beaver and grey 7/11

(Below). The "HARVEY" pure silk stocking with lace clox, recommended for reliable wear, excellent fit and finish. British made and exclusive to ourselves. In French nude, mushroom, plaza, new beaver, dust, creole, oak, ponjola, vellum, new fawn, French beige, sandalwood, beige brown, smoketone, gunmetal, white and black. 9/11

SELECTIONS WILLINGLY SENT ON APPROVAL.

No. 6. (below). Waterproof Shoe for sports and country wear in brown grain leather uskide 35/9



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The Doggy World

Tribal Memories : By Lady Kitty Ritson

It is always amusing and interesting to notice how traits handed down by their ancestors descend in dogs, and it is curious to see how very different one breed of dog is from another. That is why I think it is so much more interesting to keep different breeds of dogs rather than only one type, as otherwise one is apt to think that all of them react in the same way.

I was out walking last week with Finsie, the Finnish Spitz, and Susie, the Alsatian. (I am getting quite used, by the way, to acquaintances asking me whether I am not afraid that "she will turn on me.")

Our way lay through a lonely stretch of heather and birch woods, and as Finsie was running along in front I whistled to her and called, waving my hand in the direction at the same time, "Hi, Finsie! To the right!" Rather to my surprise, she turned to the right, and since then I have been practising it, merely substituting the word "Gee" for right and "Haw" for left, which is how one directs dog-teams. I am gradually ceasing to show her the direction, merely shouting "Gee!" or "Haw!" as the case may be.

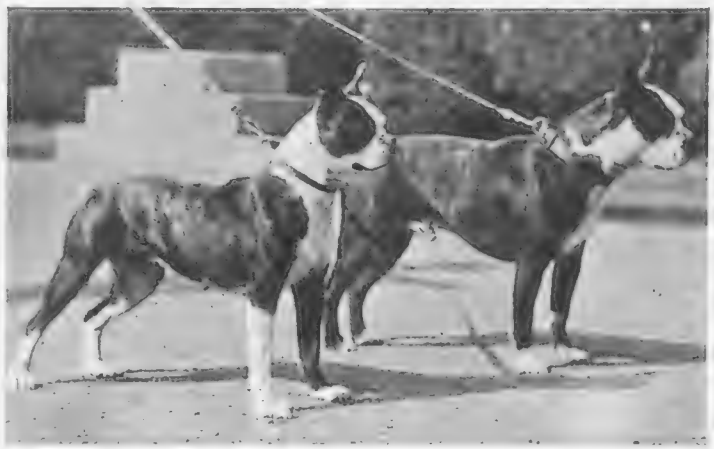
Now, what interests me in this case is that though she is not a very dependent dog, like an Alsatian, and likes to make hunting excursions into the wilderness of birch and heather, there is evidently some "tribal" memory working in her brain which makes her listen to and obey the calls to go in one direction or another. Her ancestors and cousins have been doing it for hundreds of years. She may be trotting on in front, but that does not prevent her watching to see or hear which is the right direction.

Now, the hardest thing in the world is to teach an Alsatian to go in a given direction, unless he is following at your heels, although in other ways he is so biddable and easily trained. He will cling close to you and refuse to "go out" on his own, which is odd considering that in Germany he was a sheep-dog. And yet it is not so very odd when you realise that most of the sheep-work in Germany consists in herding the sheep along roads and preventing them from encroaching on the crops on either side and also of getting between them and cars and carts. They do not have to "go out wide," like our working collies do, and so have no "tribal" memories to draw upon.

Scientists fight fiercely over this point. They claim that acquired characteristics cannot be transmitted; but don't you think it is likely that, in the beginning of things, man used the dog for the job for which it showed most aptitude, thus following in Nature's footsteps and making use of natural selection, so that what we now find in our dogs is really a transmitted inheritance through Nature's method?

Another curious thing is that Finsie's immediate ancestors have been used for some time to track the capercailzie from tree to tree in Finland, and she never passes a tree wherein rests any bird without looking up and indicating that there is one there. She is also a great "hunter before the Lord" of all flying birds. But she leaves poultry alone, firmly convinced, I am sure, that they are not real birds but some sort of odd domesticated animal.

By the way, I should like to thank the many kind correspondents I have had just lately for the nice and flattering things they have said about my articles



O.K. Baby of Canuck and Junior are the two Boston terriers shown by Evelyn, Countess of Essex, at the City and Suburban Canine Show at Tattersall's last week. There was a record entry in this class

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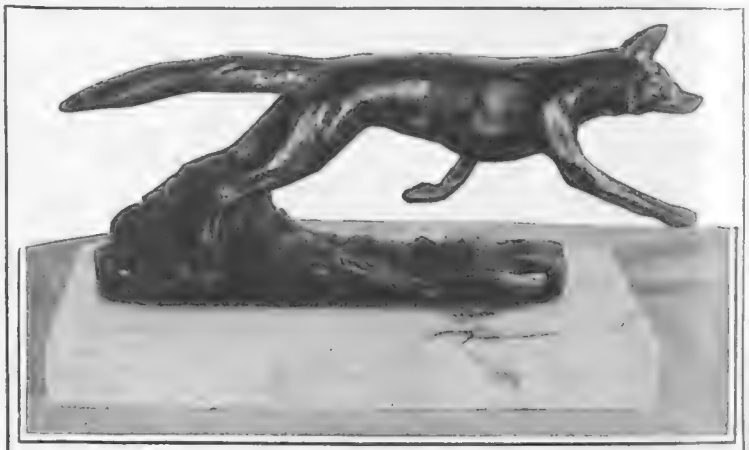

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T. IVESTER LLOYD

This admirable study of a running fox is mounted on an onyx plinth, grooved on either side to receive pens, pencils, etc. It can also be obtained on a shortened base, silver-plated, for mounting on radiator cap as a car mascot.

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One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean.

If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist's and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

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"The Bystander" Cruise

The eleventh of the twenty "Bystander" Cruise photographs, taken on board the Red Star liner, s.s. Lapland, in which the passenger circled, when she discovers herself, gets a lucky guinea, if she writes in, giving her name and address

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

VEGETABLE NOVELTIES

BOILED GREEN CORN

*

MUSHROOMS AND TOMATOES

*

STUFFED VEGETABLE MARROW

*

DRESSED CABBAGE (AN AMERICAN RECIPE)

*

TOMATO BRIQUETS

Boiled Green Corn

REMOVE the outer husk which envelops the corn, and put the cobs into a large saucepan of boiling, unsalted water; cover, and if the corn is young and tender, it will take from fifteen to twenty minutes to boil, but if the corn is beginning to harden it is advisable to boil it longer. When tender, drain, sprinkle with salt and serve with melted butter. If desired, when removed from the pan, the corn may be sliced from the cob with a sharp knife, and re-heated with a little butter, milk, pepper, and salt; but it is usually served whole.

Mushrooms and Tomatoes

TOAST a slice of bread, butter it, and cut it into rounds two inches in diameter. Dip the tomatoes into hot water and peel them, and then cut them into thick slices and lay them on the toast. On top of these place a peeled mushroom. These must be put into a buttered tin, and a little melted butter poured over each. Then place the dish in the oven for ten minutes and baste with the butter while cooking. Serve hot and quickly.

Stuffed Vegetable Marrow

BOIL a marrow in stock or water until quite tender. Cut it in halves lengthways. Hollow out the insides and fill the marrow with a rich mince of white meat, or scalloped lobsters or oysters, or minced mushrooms. Put the two sides together again, and dish up with a rich sauce or a piquant sauce round.

Dressed Cabbage

BOIL a firm white cabbage for fifteen minutes; when tender, drain, and set aside till cold. Then chop fine, and add two beaten eggs, 1 oz. of butter, pepper, salt, and three tablespoonsful of cream. Stir all well together and bake in a buttered pie-dish till brown.

Tomato Briquets

CUT some firm tomatoes in halves, and lay them in a deep dish. Pour over them sufficient oil to cover, and add a good squeeze of lemon-juice, tarragon vinegar, salt, pepper, and a little chopped parsley. Let stand for an hour, then take up and drain the tomatoes carefully on a cloth. Dip each into a light frying batter, so as to completely cover them, then drop into very hot fat and fry till golden-brown, when they are ready to serve.

"The Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(12th Year) Ranelagh, October 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th, 1933

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(9th Year) Roehampton, October 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th, 1933

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up, and semi-finalists

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 21st, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by post card. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 21st the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reduction of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1932 or 1933, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish, or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅘ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme* of the change.

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1933 — No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 21st.

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES—
Ranelagh, October 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th

ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES—
Roehampton, October 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner.

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — SEPTEMBER

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. SEPTEMBER 20, 1933.
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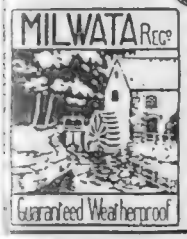

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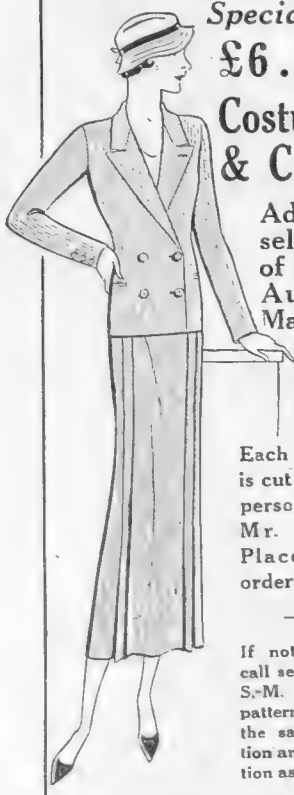

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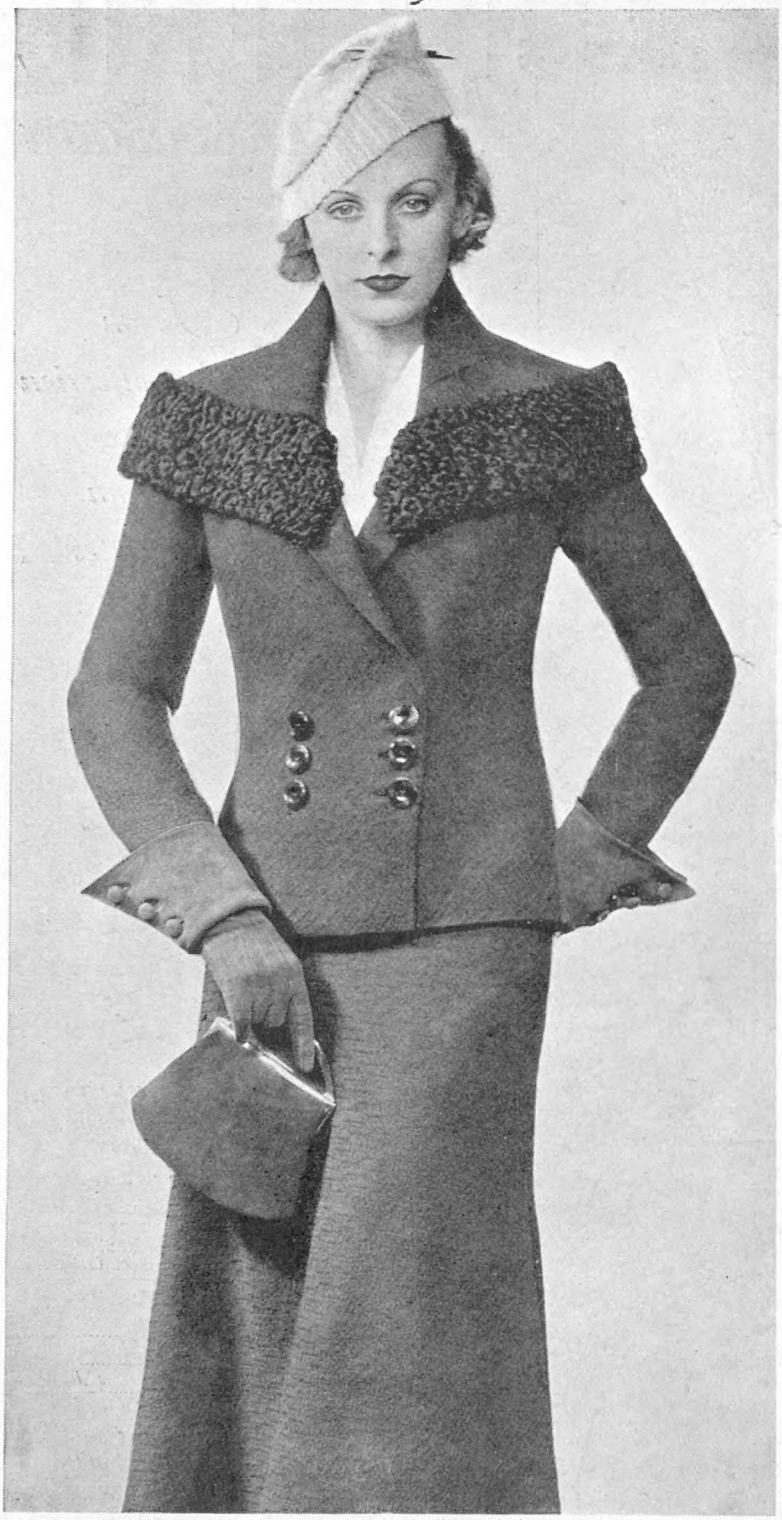

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